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NEW-YORK TABLET

A FAMILY JOURNAL.

VOL. II. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858. NO. 25.

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THE MONK'S LAST WORD.

"O yes, certainly, the last word of a man who dies as in the presence of God, is carried on high all entire."—*F. Englegrave.*

"God, who sees all, will see this too."—*Song of the Blind.*

The Ash-Wednesday of the year 1649 was darkening the city of Rome with its aspect, so melancholy and yet so cherished among the Catholic nations; and yet at noon, that same day, in a vast room which served as a studio to a painter, and which looked upon the Tiber, five joyous strangers were just going to seat themselves before a festive table.

It was clear that the Roman carnival, so bustling, so lively (a childish joy which the northern nations obscure with scandals and orgies), had not been enough for the five guests; for they were going to prolong it on that day of penance when the Catholic Church prays, asking the forgiveness of excesses, and reminding the faithful, by putting the ashes on their foreheads, that man is dust, and that the mortal part of his being must return to dust; *Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris.*

The room into which we are introducing the reader was raised one story above the Tiber, which washed the foot of the house. Three large windows opened on the river, which was swollen by the winter rains; and the artist who inhabited this dwelling might enjoy, without leaving his house, the calm pleasure of angling; as he sometimes did.

He had copiously decked his abode with sketches and objects of art. But it was seen, from the character of these objects, that their master was not one of those believing painters of whom Rome is always the country. Nothing of that sublime magnificence which faith inspires warmed the cold representations of material nature displayed upon those walls. The sketches were of feasts, hunting-parties, attacks of robbers, rural diversions, and grotesque scenes.

In the middle of these compositions, varied, however, and often full of life, strutted a fiddler with his bow. The artist was also a musician, and was wont to put himself into spirits by playing an air before seizing his pencil. Ill-shaped, a little hunchbacked, like an ape in the length of his arms and legs, proud of his rough moustaches drawn up like hooks on the two sides of his nose, and which threatened the sky, this painter, nice and correct in design, vigorous and transparent in his coloring, redeemed the disgrace of his outward form by a jovial spirit, a noisy good humor, and appreciated talents. He was named Peter Van Laar. The Italians had surnamed him *Puppet*, either on account of the singularity of his mind and form, or of certain of his pictures still described as *Puppet-paintings.*

Puppet was thirty-six, and had lived for sixteen years in Rome. Poussin, Claude Lorraine, and Sandrart were his friends. But it was not with them that he practised his irregularities. His guests on that day were Roelant van Laar, his elder brother; Claes van Laar, his younger, born, like him, near Naarden, in Holland; Andrew Both, born at Utrecht, and John, Andrew's brother; two artists of renown, who were about Peter's age. The five young painters were thus all Dutchmen. Let us add, that all of the five were of the sect of Calvin.

A little more good sense would have made them feel, however, that although they had no faith, yet, at a time when their country did not tolerate the children of the Catholic Church, they ought at least to have respected in Rome, while enjoying its hospitality, the laws of its sovereign; and these laws make Ash-Wednesday a fast-day there. But accustomed to the mildness of the Roman clergy, they went without fear in their own ways; and their table was served with many dishes reserved from the preceding day, and among the rest shone an enormous ham from the Tyrol.

"Before we begin," said Andrew Both, inspecting the table, "Peter is going to play upon his violin a little and rather lively air, to put life into us."

"True," added Claes, "we shall be more in cue."

The others supported the proposition so well, that Puppet, who had not the fault of wanting to be pressed, began to play, with contortions and gambols, a burlesque dance, which had complete success. At half-past twelve, the five artists at table began their dinner, to the noise of bursts of laughter, which presaged a tumult at the end, and some broken glasses at the desert.

"We are wrong to excite ourselves so strongly," said Puppet, however. "Let us have a little more respect for the usages of the country in which we dwell. See how quiet all our neighborhood is."

"Bah! bah!" replied Roelant; "it is known we don't give in to the Roman superstition. Artists are free. Send round the wine."

And the noise went on increasing.

At four, the five friends were more than half intoxicated; some sang detestable songs, others disputed or whistled; and the hall resounded with the hoarse tumult of their confused voices.

At the same hour, a poor Franciscan monk, passing in front of the house, was struck with this mixture of savage cries. Not suspecting that Christians could be feasting on such a day, he fancied there was a quarrel there, and made haste to enter, with the hope of recommending peace. Directed by the noise, he arrived at the door, opened it, and recoiled with horror at the sight of such orgies.

"Enter, father," said John Both with effrontery, and stammering with drunkenness; "you supply me with a good model; come and drink a round."

And as the monk did not come forward, John Both rose briskly, ran to him, took him by the arm, and led him in front of the table.

"Sirs," said the religious gravely, "I thought I was coming among Christians. But I see I was mistaken."

He made a movement toward the door.

"We are Christians as well as you, father," replied Roelant, retaining him; "but we don't think we offend God by eating a slice of ham."

"What enters the body can't be a defilement," said John Both, in a doctoral tone.

Claes van Laar added with a careless air, "Was it not said to the Apostles, 'Eat what you find?'"

"You seem to me hardly in a condition to reason, my brethren," answered the monk. "Forgive me for telling it to you so freely. But, even were you cool, I should confine myself to telling you, that when the Church commands, it is for her children to obey, and not to dispute. One augurs ill of a family where the children dispute, of a house where the servants reason, and of an army in which the soldiers deliberate. As for the rest, it is well known that it is not any kind of food that defiles, but disobedience to lawful authority."

"It seems to me," said Andrew Both, in a voice all at once become gloomy, "that the Capuchin father is insulting us."

"No, my brethren, I pity you," replied the monk; "and on such a day I beseech you to abstain from giving scandal. If instead of me one of the fathers of the Holy Office saw you, you would probably be subjected to fifteen days' penance in one of their convents."

"He is right," curtly replied Puppet; "let the father go, and let us leave the table."

"Not at all," cried Roelant; "but what thou sayest frightens me; and if he is right, as thou pretendest, this monk is going to denounce us. John, shut the door. Claes, lay hold of the father. It is not fifteen days' imprisonment we should have to undergo; we should be shut up till Easter; I know the usages."

"And who knows," pursued Andrew Both, "whether we shouldn't be banished from Rome? We are Calvinists."

At this word the monk's face was contracted with grief. Claes, however, held him forcibly by the arm, though he made no resistance.

"We must be sure," said he, "that he won't sell us. And this can only be by making him do as we do. Roelant, fill the glasses; John, give the father a slice of ham."

These words were received with applauses. But at the same instant the visage of the monk, so mild and simple, seemed impressed with a marvellous dignity. He repelled, with the hand which remained free to him, the dish which was offered him; and, after the drunken artists had emptied their glasses in drinking his health with a mocking voice, he said to them:

"If it is true that you have deserted our common mother, the holy Catholic Church, if you are no longer in her bosom, I ought only to pray and weep for you. But you cannot be ignorant that children who have remained faithful obey."

"That shan't prevent," said Roelant, striking the table with his fist, "his eating the slice of ham."

"He shall eat it," continued Claes; and, taking up on the dish the morsel that was cut, he brought it near the lips of the monk, who recoiled with horror.

A frightful scene developed itself at that moment, and such as one cannot well describe. The night came on; the sky was streaked with gloomy clouds; a stormy wind arose, and had just violently opened a window. The table, loaded with fragments, presented a scene of frightful disorder. The five heated artists bore, in their dull eyes, husky voices, glances, movements by turns tottering and violent, all the hideous marks of drunkenness. To these were added the fear of being denounced, proud malice, and hateful anger. The good religious, in their hands, was the object of an obstinate vengeance. Now up, now held down on a seat, stretched on the ground, driven against the table, he no longer heard anything but threatening words, or saw anything but ill-omened gestures.

Andrew Both pressed to his lips a glass of wine; Roelant brought the slice of ham close to his teeth; Peter van Laar, more gentle, tried to persuade him; and Claes sought to open his mouth with violence to make him eat it by force. The monk silently resisted; and, when an instant of relaxation was granted him, was content with repeating these words, "My God, forgive them, and save me!"

After this frightful struggle had lasted half an hour, Puppet, who alone preserved a lingering ray of reason, sought to put an end to these excesses. "We are going too far," said he; "let us leave the father at liberty, or else we shall repent it. Let us be satisfied with his promise not to betray us."

"No, no," cried Claes; "after what we have just done we are too much compromised. Besides the violation of the laws of his church, he will accuse us of outrage on his person. He must sin along with us, or become acquainted with the points of our daggers."

He drew his own while thus speaking. Roelant, John, and Andrew Both imitated him.

"A murder!" cried Peter van Laar in Dutch, "you would meditate a murder! you would be assassins! But you are destroying yourselves, my friends."

The daggers were arrested in their progress at this short speech.

"Sirs," then said the Franciscan, "though you may have deserted the Holy Church, you still, perhaps, know the gospel. Well, God is here; He sees you, and it is He who has said: 'Whoever shall use the sword, shall perish by the sword.'"

"The father is right," replied Peter, troubled; "down with the daggers! you shall not stain this dwelling with blood, you shall not be infamous murderers."

"Ah!" pursued Claes, whose excitement was not lessening, "the Tiber!"

And pointing to the window, below which rolled the river swollen by the hurricane, he was dragging the poor monk in that direction.

"Ah, the monk will sell us!" said Andrew Both, springing up.

"Ah, he will deliver us up to the Inquisition!" added John and Roelant.

And, all the three uniting their efforts to those of Claes, they pushed the religious to the edge of the window.

"My God!" cried the monk, divining their project——

What he said more was carried off by the wind of the storm; the Franciscan had fallen into the Tiber into which the four artists had thrown him.

Peter, struck with horror, took no active part in the crime; but he did not prevent it.

And when his four friends had withdrawn from the window, smitten with a sudden terror, which chilled them and recalled their senses, he went as if to see whether the river were not giving back its victim, who might yet demand vengeance.

But he saw nothing but the gloomy night. He remained some minutes bending over the flood. Reassured at last by seeing nothing float, and hoping the crime had no witnesses, he returned toward his companions, all fixed on their seats in a melancholy silence.

A quarter of an hour past without any one opening his mouth. At last Puppet regained the power of speech.

"What have you done?" said he.

No one answered except Claes who said:

"It is unfortunate; but at least we are delivered from fear."

"Provided," resumed Peter, "the crime be not discovered."

"The crime!" repeated the others, looking at him with stupor, and fell back anew into their motionless attitude.

Thus a frightful murder had been committed, at the end of a debauch, by five eminent artists.

Peter van Laar had an extended reputation; his works were in request, and high prices given for them. All the amateurs wished to have from him a rural feast, or an encounter with brigands, or an anglers' scene, or a hunting party. His compositions, full of life, the

truth of his skies and landscapes, the delicacy and spirit of his figures, the charm of his coloring, were all admired. The museum of the Louvre, at Paris, is still proud of possessing two of his pictures.

His brothers, Claes and Roelant, painted in his style. Less perfect than he, they also had a flattering celebrity.

John and Andrew Both, pupils of Bloemart, and emulous of Claude Lorraine, who saw them rival his successes, have left works which will always be praised for fine execution, striking effects of light, lively and brilliant coloring, and figures full of spirit and delicacy. United by nature, friendship, and talent, these two brothers worked always together, and formed, so to speak, but one artist, John painting the landscape, and Andrew the figures. The connoisseurs have never ceased to look upon *a view of Italy at sunset*, painted by these two masters, as a capital picture and a masterpiece.

And these were the men who, at the end of a drinking-bout, were the assassins of an inoffensive monk.

They separated, on the evening of the murder, in a condition of mind which could not be without disquietude and terror. It was not till two days after that the lifeless body of the Franciscan was found, a little lower down. The certainty of not being even suspected did not bring back serenity to the brow of the culprits. Without doubt they were the subjects of remorse; but what is remorse without expiation and penance?

Sad and grave, the five artists, formerly so joyous, spoke no more of festivities nor of rejoicings. Instead of seeking each other, as before, they fled from each other; and Puppet soon announced that, long wanted in his own country, he was going to return to it. The others, to whom a residence in Rome had become painful, declared that they would leave also; and they began to set their affairs in order.

"It is at least fortunate," said Peter sadly, "that you did not imbrue your hands in his blood. For he said, 'He who uses the sword shall perish by the sword;' and the last words of a dying person are terrible."

"Ah, bah!" answered Claes, "superstition! According to thy doctrine, because we drowned him we shall perish by drowning also." He began to laugh aloud. But his gaiety had no echo. A gloomy cloud passed over the brow of the others, who said as they rose, "Let us speak no more of that, and let us go hence: the sooner the better."

If we were inventing a story, what follows would seem very odd. We might be accused of leisurely constructing a chronicle of violence, to support the imposing opinion of Joseph de Maistre on the temporal government of Providence. But we are here only simple narrators of historical facts, real, known, authentic, avowed, incontestable, and which can be verified by all the world. We shall relate them unembellished by any ornament.

The day after this last conversstion the five friends dispersed. Claes van Laar went to find, in his villa near Rome, an old lord, who was to pay him the price of a picture. He was mounted on an ass. In passing over a little wooden bridge, which joined two rocks, the ass stumbled, and precipitated himself with Claes into a torrent just formed by a storm-flood. The body of his drowned brother was brought to Puppet as he was packing up.

After he had him interred, he hastened to Holland with John Both.

Roelant van Laar and Andrew Both, under particular engagements, had set out, one for Genoa, the other for Venice. They had payments to get in these two towns. Neither was destined to see his country again. Six months after, Puppet was settled at Haarlem, when he received the news that his brother had just been drowned at Genoa.

In the spring of the following year (1650), John Both, who was opening a studio at Utrecht, found, in a packet brought from Italy, the statement of his brother Andrew's death, who was drowned at Venice.

Struck with terror and giddiness at reading this, John Both, out of his senses, fled from his house, flew like a madman across the country, and precipitated himself into the Rhine, where he perished.

There remained only Peter van Laar.

Devoured by a black melancholy, and become, say the historians, insupportable to himself and others,—he, who had been so easy and so gay,—Peter lived, because God, perhaps, was leaving him a little time for repentance. But, on the Ash-Wednesday of the year 1673, his cook-maid having served him up a ham at dinner, he rose, uttering a cry, and went and threw himself into a well, whence he was taken out drowned.

What will our friends the philosophers say to all this?

MANUFACTURED NOBILITY.—It is stated in a letter from Berlin, "that the eldest son of Count Schaafgolsch, Marshal of the Court to Prince Charles, was to marry the richest heiress in Germany, but that an obstacle existed, as the young lady, although possessing a fortune of 30 millions of francs, belonged to what is called the lower classes, being the daughter of a simple proprietor of mines, and the marriage was not therefore an equal one. In order to remove this difficulty, letters of nobility have been accorded to the lady. A similar circumstance took place with regard to Mdlle. Sontag, who, before her Union with Count Rossi, was made a baroness by the King."

Out of 300 shipwrights living in Bristol only 40 are able to obtain employment.

A FRENCH GENTLEMAN AND AN ENGLISH LIBELLER.

There have been certain municipal elections in Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. One of the candidates is a gentleman named Dunn, a wealthy lawyer—a Catholic remarkable for his munificence and charity—a man beloved by his fellow-Catholics, and a special friend to the poor Irish workingmen in that city. It seems that there is much fanatical opposition to this excellent citizen, of whom any community might be proud; and one of Mr. Dunn's greatest crimes is that he established a convent and schools for the advantage of his Catholic fellow-citizens: a noble act, of which a local journalist, disgracing his profession, writes such brutality as this: "We are not sure but the spiritual nostril is yet more offended by a nunnery on his premises than even the olfactory nerve *by his piggery.*"

Resident in Newcastle is a French nobleman, the Count de Maricourt, of whom even his slanderer is forced to confess *now* that "he is a gentleman who has considerably endeared himself by his beneficence." He is the French Consul, a Catholic, and the friend of Mr. Dunn. His friendship is the cause of the foul and slanderous abuse of which he has been made the object. He was accused of a very trifling offence; *that of venturing to recommend one of his own workmen to vote for Mr. Dunn.* And though he assured the public of Newcastle, solemnly, on his honor as a nobleman and a gentleman of France—an honor ever unstained—that he never did any such thing, nor meddled in the matter at all, he was nevertheless assailed with such foulness of speech as the unclean intellect of his newspaper libeller could compass. In a local penny print, called the *Northern Express*, he is abused as "*the agent in this country of that arch-traitor and destroyer of his country's liberty, Louis Napoleon.*" And next day he is again attacked in language still more offensive and personally abusive, in a leading article, which winds up with this piece of ribaldry: "Westgate will see to its own character, we apprehend, for we have greatly misunderstood it if it submits to be Frenchified at this rate. We cannot have the 'continental' system in Newcastle, *either in love or politics. Monsieur must follow 'madame.'*" The explanation of this last sentence is that the proprietress of an infamous house in the town, known by the sobriquet of "Madame," had been recently hunted out by the police; and the intended insult is thus aggravated by coupling the name and fame of a virtuous, high-minded French nobleman with that of a degraded and abandoned Englishwoman.

With the French consul resides his son, a young man of twenty-two years old—a generous young soldier, an officer of dragoons, who had, even before the down of manhood was on his cheek, served with distinction at the Crimea. This truculent attack upon his father, whom he loves with that tender and reverent love for which French sons are specially distinguished, filled him with resentment and indignation. In the heat of anger, he went to the office of the offending print, to cane the slanderer, or make him apologize; and not finding him there he proceeded to his house, and—as the trembling libeller himself says—put a pistol to his head, and compelled him to follow him to the count's residence and there apologize.

The Editor thus recounts the incidents of the journey to the count's residence and the reception he there experienced. He says:

"Proceeding to the cab, I heard the man receive instructions to drive to the office of the French Consul, in Grey street. On my way thither I had time to decide on my course of action, and I purposed to call immediately upon Mr. Dunn, offering him the alternative of either taking care of his friends or seeing them intrusted to the authorities. On entering Count de Maricourt's room a few words, which I failed to hear, passed between his son, the 'French officer,' and himself, on which he rose. I remarked that I understood he wished to see me. 'No, no,' he said, 'it's my son's doing; he is an officer in the French army, and won't see his father insulted.' 'But there is no insult,' I said; 'do you deny the statement in the letter you complain of?' His answer was, 'I don't want to meddle with your institutions, and I defy the man to say that I asked his vote.' 'In that case,' I replied, 'I can only express my regret if I have hurt your feelings on the matter; yet, though I don't question your word, it is right that you should know that I had the statement corroborated by three most respectable gentlemen. But, as there must be some mistake, I am quite willing to put it right by stating that you deny having canvassed.' On this the son again addressed him, and he said, 'My son says there must be no justification. What I want is a statement of the facts.' I said, 'I shall give the statement in your own words,' and left the Count, who again reminded me that his son was an officer of cavalry in the French army, and could not do otherwise than he had done."

After our hero of the quill made good his retreat from the house of the Frenchman he sought the advice and assistance of "a limb of the law," and accordingly legal proceedings were immediately instituted against the young officer, Viscount de Maricourt, on a charge of assault. The trial, which created immense sensation, came off on the following Tuesday. Here are the particulars, as we find them in the columns of our foreign contemporary:

"On Tuesday evening, at the Gateshead police court, the case of 'Manson *v.* de Maricourt' came on, which has excited so much interest in this town for the last few days. The police court was densely crowded with people, and numbers, unable to gain admittance, assembled outside. A little before eleven o'clock, the Viscount de Maricourt, accompanied by his brother, and attended by his legal adviser, Mr. Edward Glynn, came into court, and a few minutes afterwards Mr. Manson, the complainant, attended by Mr. Scaife, made his appearance. Mr. Arthur Pring offered his services as interpreter, and was sworn to interpret to the defendant, who did not understand English sufficiently well to enable him to comprehend the information. The defendant pleaded not guilty. The evidence having been taken, corroborating the statement already published, and Mr. Glynn having made an animated and able speech in defence of his client, the magistrates retired, and after an absence of about a quarter of an hour, they returned and gave judgment. The bench considered the assault proved, and fined the defendant £5 and costs. On the young Viscount coming out of court he was greeted with cheers by the Irish population, which were not stilled until he had reached the High Level Bridge. He acknowledged these congratulations by repeatedly moving his hat."

This is a brief and unvarnished statement of the facts. Surely every honorable man will sympathize with the high-hearted young French soldier, who resented so gross an outrage on the feelings and the honor of his father.

A MILITIA INVASION OF IRELAND—A WORD WITH THE 69th.

[*From the Irishman.*]

We are to have an Irish military invasion—of Ireland: the American newspapers tell us. And several correspondents write to us in pleasurable excitement about the matter. They want a triumphal welcome for the armed visitors—a national banquet—and Heaven knows what besides. An American regiment of Irish soldiers visiting Ireland is such a phenomenon that some of our lively and excitable friends would have us record it in a public monument—when it happens.

But when will that be? Our contemporaries in the United States describe the programme of the visit in the most circumstantial manner: detailing what class of soldiers and recruits will be enrolled in the party—who are to pay the expenses—where the regiment, when it comes, is to *encamp* (!)—how furlough is to be given out, and how the men and officers are to assemble: just as though they were to be a friendly army of occupation.

Stop awhile though. All this reads very pleasantly; but are we not counting our chickens before they are hatched?

Did it ever occur to our friends that there are two parties to this business; the Irish regiment which proposes to come, and the English Government which is very unlikely to let them? To see a regiment of bold and brave freemen, clad in green, marshalled upon Irish soil—and a regiment of Irishmen, too—would be a right pleasant and hopeful sight. We may, with God's blessing, hope to see a score such regiments, in proud array on the Curragh yet, ranged round the Irish flag, and sworn to uphold the nationality of Ireland. To witness such a spectacle and die would be happiness enough for a whole life. But it is not with the consent of the English Government that we shall behold such a sight within the green shores of Erin. Therefore, it does occur to us that all this hot enthusiasm is rather premature; for assuredly no government of England, if their old cunning have not forsaken them, will be mad enough to suffer such a phenomenon to meet the longing, yearning eyes of Irishmen, as a regiment of hardy Celts (*not* hirelings of the Saxon) marshalled on Ireland's shores with freemen's swords grasped in their right hands.

* * * * * * * *

But, still, suppose they do come. How are they to be greeted? How will they act? If the English Government should give them leave to come improbable as it seems, be sure the minions of English rule—the hacks of the Castle—will gather round them; Colonel Ryan and his brother officers will be feted and caressed (by order), blarneyed and humbugged; invited to a banquet of English flunkies and Irish slaves; made to drink "the usual loyal toasts,"—and, if they have not manhood enough to resist the degradation—made to disgrace their country and uniform by listening to the patronizing insolence of the Roebucks. How would our countrymen like that?

ENLIGHTENED, MORAL, AND MISSIONARY ENGLAND.

Things are going on badly in England. There is no sign of a falling off in child-murder. Suicides are going on at the rate of about nine per night. This is terrible, but one of the English papers coolly attributes it to the state of the weather! The popular belief in witchcraft is flourishing, fresh instances of gross ignorance, disgusting superstition, and the most revolting depravity are turning up every day. Fortune-tellers are making their own fortunes, at the same time running some risks from the "proving process" adopted by the enlightened inhabitants of various localities, as described in the following paragraph from the *Morning Chronicle:*

"Some time ago at Much Wenlock, in Oxfordshire, a man, William Davies, was tried for the murder of an old woman named Ann Evans, the poor old creature having been dragged through a pond, to 'prove' her guilt of witchcraft, in such a manner as to cause her death. About this period, an account was supplied to the metropolitan press, by a county magistrate, of the pitiable condition of his own immediate district as to the debasing belief in sorcery. It appears that it was no unusual thing for applications to be made to him for orders to 'prove' reputed witches; that is, that he should give his official sanction to the brutal maltreatment of semi-imbecile and harmless aged women at the imminent peril of their lives. The 'magistrate' in question gives several instances in point from the statements made to him. 'An old Mrs. C——' bewitches a man's wife, 'a-teasing her stomach, like a sow with all her young pigs a pulling her to pieces.' The man desired that this old woman should be 'swum' or proved. The experiment had been previously tried on a poor woman called Pointer. 'They tied her clothes about her legs, and used her decent,' said the applicant. 'She had a line put round her waist, and one on each side to keep her from sinking, if she was an upwright woman; but if she's a witch you can't sink her no how. Old Mr. L——, who done it, jumped upon her, but couldn't sink her no how; when her head was down her heels were up, and when her heels were up her head was down,' &c.

"Another informant, one Mrs. F——, tells the magistrate: 'We had in our parish for years, a woman named Huggins, a terrible strong woman she was, who swore she would try whether old Betsy Norris was a witch or not. She took and put her on a faggot, and shoved her into a pond, and turned her over and over with a pitchfork, but she came up again every time, and swam about like a duck.'"

Enlightened, moral, and Missionary England!

BALMES ON ENGLAND.

Most of our readers know that Balmes was a native of Spain, and a distinguished priest of the Catholic Church. His writings are amongst the first and most philosophical that ever the Catholic Church has produced, and, had he lived, he would have won a fame like that of Fenelon or Bossuet. He died at an early age, but the works he has left after him are sufficient to hand down his name to an admiring posterity. In one of his great Spanish essays he addresses England as follows:

"Powerful Albion! I envy not thy destiny. I breathe no wish for thy ruin.

"There have been in the ages that have rolled away proud nations whose sacrilegious efforts have provoked the anger of Him who can, at a word, change into dry sand the bed of rivers, and lay bare the space occupied by the seas. They stretched a tyrant's hand over the chosen people; they profaned His Sanctuary. Dost thou know what was their lot? Open the prophets and then listen to thine own travellers, who, with astonishment, recount to thee the terrible accomplishment of the sacred oracles. Where is Nineveh, the city of Sennacherib; of that proud monarch against whom the Lord drew his flaming sword? Her merchants were more numerous than the stars of the firmament, her soldiers as the locusts of the desert. The place where they were is found no more. Nineveh the great is but a vast and deep solitude.

"Where is Babylon; the wonder of the East the city of gold, the jewel of the earth, the city of the gigantic temple, of the citadel impregnable, of the lake as vast as a sea? The fearful prophecies are realized: 'I will destroy the name of Babylon, even to its remnants; it shall be the abode of birds of prey, the retreat of dragons, a doleful solitude, a barren and desert land, a plain wasted, desolate, and swampy, where nought shall rise but heaps of ruins.'

"The dregs of the cup are not yet drained. God still pours it forth, in His wrath, on those that provoke His vengeance. If sad Iberia must undergo a startling expiation, refrain from insulting her tears, outraging her misfortunes, robbing her pitilessly of her consideration, her last hope, the faith of her fathers, and confidence in God. *For thee, too, the terrible hour may strike, but the terrible hour may strike, when discord unchained in thy bosom* shall arm against thee numerous children whose rags thy insolent pride cannot disguise, whose hunger thy hideous opulence does not appease! Woe for thee the day when faithful Ireland, that thou bendest for so many ages under the yoke of tyranny, shall utter the terrible cry 'Enough,' and, rising before thee as a bloody spectacle, shall demand vengeance after having vainly demanded justice! Woe for thee the day when a hundred different peoples, spread over all the regions of the globe, but animated against thee with a common sentiment, shall see with joy the trouble and anguish that intestine discord will make to show themselves in thy face. Woe for thee the day when tempests let loose by the hand of God shall scatter the vessels that cluster to thy shores. Woe for thee the day when these heroic nations on whom thou hast lavished outrage, full of confidence in the seas which serve thee as bulwarks, shall spring to thy shores, and measure at length their strength with thine, breast to breast."

PROVINCIAL BARBARISM.—The stained-glass window in the south aisle of Crossthwaite Church, Cumberland, erected by the parishioners in commemoration of the restoration of the building, and which will be remembered by lake tourists as the one which lights the altar tomb and recumbent statue of Southey, was wilfully broken in several places by the insertion of a stick or some such means through the wirework by which it was supposed to be protected on the outside.

DIOCESE OF NATCHEZ.

WILLIAM HENRY ELDER, BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND THE FAVOR OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE, BISHOP OF NATCHEZ, TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE, HEALTH AND BENEDICTION.

Venerable Brethren of the Clergy, Dearly Beloved Children of the Laity:

You are aware that our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., proclaimed last year a Jubilee for the whole Christian world. The precise time in which persons should profit by this fatherly liberality, he left to be determined by each Bishop in his own jurisdiction.

We hereby designate the month of December as the time, during which the privileges of the Jubilee may be enjoyed in the Diocese of Natchez.

A Jubilee, you know, signifies a season of rejoicing. The joy of the Church's Jubilees is created by the particular encouragement held out at such a time to all the faithful, to purify their souls from sin, and to praise God by multiplied prayers and acts of virtue. This encouragement consists chiefly in the granting of a Plenary Indulgence to those who sincerely renounce their sins; repair as much as they can, the wrong done to God and to their neighbor; take measures to preserve themselves from falling into sin again; and with these dispositions perform devoutly the other exercises prescribed by the Holy Father.

We shall not enter into an explanation of the nature of Indulgences. The subject has been so often explained and in so many different forms, that it is easy for those who desire it, to obtain every explanation they require. Moreover, the Reverend Pastors will have a good opportunity to explain it, when the exercises are to be performed.

We request you, venerable brethren of the Clergy, to profit by this time of especial grace, and animate your flocks to new fervor in the discharge of all the duties of good Christians. Already, by our Pastoral Letter of last May, we have drawn attention to some of those duties, and given such admonitions as we judged to be most needed. It was our desire that you should, from time to time, recall those admonitions to the minds of the faithful, and press each of those topics separately and forcibly upon the consciences of those entrusted to your care, according to the measure of their respective wants.

Among these subjects, we cannot help particularizing the vitally important one, of the Obligations of Parents towards their Children, and of Masters and Mistresses towards their Servants. We recommend you to draw especial attention to this on the occasion of the Jubilee, so far as time and other circumstances will permit you to do without prejudice to other essential matters.

And you, fathers and mothers, masters and mistresses, most earnestly and affectionately we exhort you to examine your consciences rigorously on your discharge of these duties; for God will demand of you a terrible account for the immortal souls entrusted to your care. If your consciences reproach you, seek not to justify yourselves, but make use of this time of mercy to obtain God's pardon, by a penitent acknowledgment of your guilt, and offer yourselves humbly to do or to suffer whatever He may impose upon you, if haply He will enable you to repair, in some measure, the consequences of your neglect.

The works which have to be performed in order to gain the indulgence of the Jubilee, are as follows:

To receive worthily the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist;

To fast any one day in the month, excepting fast day prescribed by the Church;

To pay three visits to a church, and there pray for the intention of the Holy Father, which is understood to be the uniting of all mankind in the fold of the Holy Catholic Church;

To give an alms to the poor;

To give another alms to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith.

In performing these works, it is not necessary to follow any particular order of time, provided only that all of them be done within the month. It is the most common practice however, and the most advisable, to perform all the others before approaching to Holy Communion.

If any of them be impracticable, the Pastor or Confessor can commute them (excepting the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist), into some other good work. The reception of the Blessed Eucharist may be commuted in the case of children who have not yet made their first communion.

The Fast is a condition for gaining the Indulgence even for those who, on account of youth, hard labor, or other cause, are exempted from the fasts of the Church, unless the Confessor commutes it for some other work.

The visits to the church may be made either on one day or on different days. No particular form of prayer is prescribed; but each time some prayer must be offered for the intention of our Holy Father. We suggest the saying of five Paters and Aves for that object.

When there is no church, the Pastor will direct the faithful either to visit the place where Mass is offered, or to offer the prayers in their own houses.

The amount of the alms to be given is left to each one's fervor. Two distinct contributions must be made; one to the poor, which may be bestowed as the donor thinks proper; another to the Propagation of the Faith, which should be handed to the Pastor to be transmitted to the Vicar-General of the diocese.

This will naturally furnish a good occasion for explaining the nature of this work of the Propagation, and setting forth the easy conditions and the great merit of becoming associated to it by regular contributions. The very fact that the Holy Father requires all to give something to it as a necessary condition of the Jubilee, is an illustrious and singular proof of the great excellency of this work. And when we consider what benefits we have received from it ourselves, and how easy and simple are the terms on which any one who pleases may become a member, and have a share in all the blessings attached to it, there seems to be no sufficient reason why any individual should fail to enrol himself upon its list.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. May His Blessed and Immaculate Mother keep you ever under her protection.

Given on the Feast of the Apostles St. Simon and St. Jude, this 28th day of October, 1858.

✠ WILLIAM HENRY, *Bishop of Natchez.*

—*Catholic Mirror.*

INDIAN LIFE—THE CAMANCHES.

The chief of a band of Camanches usually makes a talk to his people very early in the morning, imparting the news and discussing its purport; this is succeeded by his orders.

When a change of camp is contemp'ated the women gather the animals, saddle and pack them. The lodges are taken down and placed on animals. The men and women ride after the same fashion. Very young children are on horseback at an age they would not be suffered to manage a horse with us in an enclosure. The point of destination is known to all. The families leave as they get ready, except on some extraordinary occasion or when danger is apprehended. In any event they have a number of warriors as look-outs on every side. It is almost impossible to approach a Camanche camp without being discovered.

When moving with their women and children a party of Camanches exhibit scenes of liveliness, the women talking, laughing and running pack animals to keep them in place; children with bow and arrows in hand beating thickets for small game, shooting snakes, running helter-skelter in every direction; mules going at half speed over rocky places, with long lodge poles trailing on either side, making a noise louder than so many empty wagons; young warriors with gaudy trappings frolicing and gibing; when all these things are jumbled together into a discordant mass then it is really exciting to be travelling with the red children of the forest. Sometimes a stampede occurs to give additional variety to the scene. On such an occasion the dogs of the celebrated chief Buffalo Hump felt called upon to do something. They gave chase to the running horses. Buffalo Hump became furious; with strong bow and ready arrows he followed the dogs. The race was over an undulating kind of prairie country, and lasted some mile or so. The enraged Indian shot his dogs and stopped his horses. The cunning of the animal eluded the impending harm. The old chief, with all his subtlety, was a long time foiled by his canine companions. The scenery, the stampede, the chase, the maddened Indian made a panorama worth seeing, but hardly paying for the trouble of reading.

A halt being made, the women arrange everything, take care of the horses, set up the lodges, pack the wood and the water, and cook. The warriors lounge about, gather in groups, and talk over matters and things in general. In things they cannot properly comprehend and account for in some way, they possess considerable incredulity. They deny the tales they hear of the speed of a railway locomotive. When some of them were informed that a steam car could run from the Colorado to Chihuahua, in Mexico, in less than a day, they declared it impossible: "a horse could not run that far in a day."

They have a game which may be called "Hunt the bullet." The players sit down in a circle and sing a curious kind of song; one takes a bullet, changes it from hand to hand, throwing his arms in every possible direction. When he thinks his manipulations have sufficiently mystified the man appointed for that purpose, he holds out both hands and lets him guess in which the bullet is. Every guess counts on one side or the other. The number constituting the game is, we believe, a matter of agreement; the tallies are kept with arrows. In this way a great many articles change hands. They play also a game with painted sticks, counted by the way they fall; so many sticks or spots falling in a certain way counting so much. We never could understand the game. While this is going forward the women get a resting spell. They are talkative, great laughers, and seem to enjoy a bit of seandal with as much gusto as their more civilized neighbors. The children are roaming about, examining every thicket and every hole, bathing, shooting arrows, and making all those interesting noises incidental to promising juvenility.

The Camanches formerly owned large droves of horses. They have thinned them greatly within the last few years by being compelled to kill them for food. They live, as our phrase is, "from hand to mouth." They have little providence. When provisions are plenty they consume enormous quantities. They do not bear the pangs of hunger with the stoical resignation one would suppose. In this particular, as in almost every other, the Delawares are infinitely superior to them.

The Camanche enjoys a modicum of real pleasure. His roving, devil-may-care kind of life, has attractions even to the white man.—*Capt. John S. Ford.*

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The Pittsburg *Post*, alluding to the near approach of the one hundredth anniversary of Old Fort Duquesne, says:

"One hundred years ago there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois Territories. Then what is now the most flourishing part of America was as little known as the country around the mountains of the moon. It was not until 1769 that the 'Hunter of Kentucky,' the gallant and adventurous Boone, left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler of Kentucky. The first pioneers of Ohio did not settle until twenty years after this time. A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the whole population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half of poople. A hundred years ago the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those great exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria, and France—the three great Powers of Europe combined. A hundred years ago Napoleon was not born, and Washington was a young and modest Virginia colonel, and the great events in the history of two worlds, in which these great but dissimilar men took leading parts, were then scarcely foreshadowed. A hundred years ago the United States were the most loyal part of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which, within a score of years thereafter, established the greatest Republic of the world. A hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in America, steam engines had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conceptions of man. When we come to look back at it through the vista of history we find that to the century which has passed has been allotted more important events in their bearing upon the happiness of the world than almost any other which has elapsed since the creation.

"A hundred years hence what will be the developments? It is past finding out except in one thing—a thought which astonished Xerxes when he stood upon Mount Athos—all, with but few exceptions, now living will be dead."

CANADIAN ITEMS.

THE OPPOSITION BANQUET AT MONTREAL.—We have just returned from witnessing this demonstration, and though we bear testimony that the banquet was attended by about 700 persons; that the enthusiasm was intense; and that the reception of George Brown was as full and hearty as that person could wish for, yet we consider the affair a failure in point of utility. We'll be bound to say that no man came away wiser, as to the Brown-Dorion "platform," than he was on going in. Evidently the *Outs* are as stubborn on the Separate School question as the *Ins*, for from 6 P.M. to 2 A.M. we were in the Bonsecours Hall, and the never a single response did we hear to the demand made by our talented cotemporary the *True Witness*. Not only did they refuse the "Yea, yea," or the "Nay, nay," but one of the speakers, pointing to the "constellations" themselves, declared they represented the new policy and that no further explanations should be vouchsafed. —*Quebec Vindicator.*

RUMORS.—That the Hon. Charles Alleyn has accepted the Judgeship of Aylmer, vacant by the death of Judge McCord. That Mr. R. Alleyn has been appointed to the associated clerkship of the peace, vacant by the death of the late Mr. Green. That Mr. Begly has left the secretaryship of the Public Works Department. That John A. MacDonald is about to shelve himself on the Upper Canadian Bench. That Mr. Carter is about to be elevated to the post of Chief Justice for this district in consequence of his known dislike and contempt of the winter roads in Quebec. Finally, that these appointments made, the rest of the vacant offices are to be put up for general scramble. Verily, that Civil Service act was another humbug!—*Ibid.*

EMIGRATION TO THE CANADIAN PROVINCES.—Up to the 10th of October, the emigration from Europe to Canada had decreased nearly two-thirds when compared with the corresponding period of 1857. The total numbers arriving at the port of Quebec, as reported by the Government Emigration office, were 11,460, in 1858, against 29,185, in 1857, showing a decrease of 17,925. Emigrants from England show a decrease of 7,398; from Ireland, 1,362; from Scotland, 2,859; from German ports, 3,737; and from Norway and Sweden, 2,569; total, 17,925.

The *Canadian News* says that an arrangement has been entered into between the directors of the Grand Trunk Railway and the owners of the "Merchants' Line" of ships at Liverpool, for the conveyance of passengers and freight to Boston, during the winter months, in connection with their railway.

The St. John's (N. B.) *British Constitutional* contains a paragraph to the effect that his Excellency, Sir E. W. Head, is about to retire from, or be superseded in his office, and that the Hon. Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia, will succeed him as Governor General of British North America.

Two vessels of war, it is said, have been sent to St. George's Bay, by the Governor of Newfoundland, in consequence of the French Commandant having prohibited British subjects from prosecuting the fisheries in that locality.

THE MORTARA CASE.

The Roman correspondent of the *Armonia*, says the *Debats*, makes the following statement about young Mortara:

"It was with great joy that this child entered the Institution of the Catechumens. When he arrived he perceived above the gate a statue of Our Lady of Tears. 'Why does she cry?' he asked. 'She is weeping,' they answered him, 'because the Jews do not become converted, and are not willing to acknowledge her divine Son.' 'Then,' replied the child, 'she is weeping over my father and mother.'

"When they announced to him his father's visit he was delighted at it, for the Catholic religion, very far from extinguishing filial love, strengthens it by sanctifying it. Besides, he imagined he should be able to convert his father and render him a Christian like himself. This was his hope, and he showed it artlessly. But when he saw his father, and found him deaf to all his prayers, he began to weep bitterly.

"In fine, this child is firm in the faith, like an apostle. His father begged him to go back with him to Bologna, saying to him, 'Why don't you come with me? Have you forgotten God's commandment, "Honor thy father and mother?"' The child remained pensive for a moment, and then replied—'The Pope knows the commandments better than you or I, I shall do what the Pope says.' He knows the catechism admirably, and makes the profession of faith in the most complete and exact manner. He insists on this point, that the Jews have neither an altar, a Holy Virgin, nor a Pope. He says he should like to convert them, and by his tone you perceive that it is grace which is speaking in him.

"The Pope wished to see him, and was enchanted with him. The child blessed the servant maid that baptized, and thus opened to him the entrance to the Catholic Church. They asked him what the Pope was; he answered, 'The vicar of Christ.' 'And Jesus Christ?' added they. His face colored up, and he said, 'Jesus Christ is the Saviour of men, whom the Jews crucified.' And they want a child of such quick faith to be delivered up to the Jews! That would be a cruelty without a name, and the most open violation of that principle of liberty of conscience which the Liberals have ever in their mouths. The young Mortara finds at Rome, in the Catholic Church, the protection necessary to him, that he may be able to profess his faith freely, and be instructed in the duties of his religion.

"It is not in Rome that they use violence and seek to convert people by force. Cases similar to young Mortara's are rare, for rarely do we see such signal triumphs of grace. For the rest, no one here makes the least opposition, and the parents themselves are satisfied at seeing their child brought up in the Hospital of the Catechumens. There are certain journals that declaim on this subject, but their declamations are only inspired by the hatred they feel for the Pope, Catholicism, and baptism itself. Suppose the young Mortara had been born a Catholic, and had turned a Vaudois Protestant or a Turk, these self-same journals would not have anathemas enough to launch against any person wishing to prevent it. And now they want him to be constrained by force to turn Jew again!

"Let us pity them. They gnash their teeth with rage at the news of this conversion, and this sign of grace makes them blaspheme like demons. But on this occasion, in attacking the Holy See, they have not well chosen their ground; it would seem they really believe that in Rome the eternal salvation of a Christian is not something far more precious and important than the capture of the Cagliari can be at Naples."

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL. — The Conference of Holy Cross, in accordance with instructions received from the Council of Direction of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, issues this its first annual report, from the 16th September, 1857, to 16th September, 1858. There are in the Conference 84 active, 14 honorary, and eight subscribing members. Three hundred and eighty destitute families, comprising about 1,450 individuals, were relieved during the year. Weekly visits were made to these familes, whilst receiving relief, by the active members of the Conference. The receipts of the Society from weekly meetings, donations, subscription, &c., were $1,092 45; the expenses for the year were $1,034 45, leaving a balance in the treasury of $58. The Sunday School is attended by members of the Conference, who pay every attention to the religious instruction of the children. A greater attendance of the children of the poor and needy might be secured by supplying them with necessary clothing and shoes during the Winter. Donations in old clothes of any description, as well as other kinds of material relief, are earnestly solicited by the Conference. All such donations will be most thankfully received at the residence of the pastor, 211 West 42d street.

JAMES KEMBLE, President.
JOHN GARRIGAN, Sec.

The funeral of the German writer Vanhargen von Ense, who died suddenly on the 10th ult., while playing a game of chess with his niece, took place at Berlin, in the presence of a large circle of persons of high rank, savans, artistes, and noble ladies of the society of Berlin. Alexander Von Humboldt, General Wrangel, Professor Boeckh, &c., were among the mourners.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Clare.

In many parts of the county of Limerick, particularly Newcastle, Rathkeale, Ashtown, and Pallaskenry, the potatoes are so much injured by the disease, that not more than one half of them are fit for use, and in many cases not more than one third. Still from the quantity planted this year, and the crop in general being so abundant in quantity—if the disease does not effect those put in pits, there will not, it is hoped, be any scarcity of this description of food. With regard to the crops in this county also, we regret to say that the disease has been spreading considerably for some time past in various districts.—*Freeman.*

A young man named Charles Clanchy, son of a respectable farmer, was fired at from behind a hedge within a few perches of his own house, at Tullehee, near Kilkee, and shot dead. A dispute about land led to the murder.

Cork.

Some eccentric and benevolent individual has handed to the Mayor of Cork the following humorous epistle, the cream of the joke being that the letter did really enclose genuine bank notes to the amount of £500 sterling: "Ballyhooly, 21st Oct., 1858—Dear Mr. Mayor,—I beg to enclose a prize value £500, to be raffled for in tickets of £1 each (more or less), the proceeds of which to be distributed at Christmas among the helpless of all creeds and denominations.—Yours respectfully, Timothy Tightboot."—*Examiner.* [The Cork papers have since announced that this generous individual is Mr. Arnott, and that the £500 is to be divided into five prizes, of £100 each. Tickets, £1; and raffled for under the management of a committee, to be nominated by the Mayor.

A fatal accident has occurred at Doneraile mills, county Cork. As one of the workmen in the mills, named Bourke, was putting some oil into a shaft of one of the wheels, the cogs of the wheel caught him by the sleeve of his jacket or arm, and in a second he was mangled to pieces. One of his arms was totally ground off him. The wheel was immediately stopped, and the body extricated as soon as possible. Bourke was one of the quietest men in the concern, and has left a poor wife and child.

It is understood that Mr. Lloyd, the eminent railway barrister, has given his opinion that the directors of the Cork and Youghal Railway legally have power to issue the debentures by which it was proposed to raise the funds necessary for the completion of the line, and that they will be a good legal security to those who may take them, giving them a lieu on the line and works.—*Constitution.*

Derry.

The criminal business of the Coleraine quarter sessions commenced before William Armstrong, Assistant-Barrister, who congratulated the grand jury on the lightness of the calendar, there being only seven cases of a trifling nature for trial.

At the Londonderry quarter sessions, before William Armstrong, Assistant-Barrister, there were only two criminal cases for trial.

Donegal.

The Rev. Mr. Nixon, Donegal landlord, has been shot. He is not killed, however. As yet the perpetrators of the deed are undiscovered, and as to the motive which inspired them, there exists some uncertainty. In the communications published by some of the public journals, some attribute the act to peasant vengeance and say the o'er bent bow was broken. However this may be we sincerely hope that the rev. gentleman during his progress to convalescence will meditate seriously on his past courses, and ask his own heart whether, though it may be quite legal, is it morally right to reduce a number of his fellow men to want and rags, and perpetual sorrow; whether it be consistent with the Gospel he preaches to grasp and gripe for the hard-earned money of the poor, to go on from day to day increasing the rents and rates on his unhappy tenantry, taking every day another coal from their little fires, another pinch out of their miserable meals, another shred from their scanty clothing, another rag from off their wretched beds. Let him ask himself how far St. Paul, or any one of the Twelve Apostles—unless, perhaps, that one amongst them who yearned for thirty pieces of silver, and earned them—would be from imposing a tax on those who would go to gather sea weed for lack of better food. Let him think over these things while recovering from the effects of his wound, and with God's blessing a better spirit may spring up within him; he may perceive the error of his ways and resolve to do better for the future, and perhaps he will arise blessing as an instrument of a good Providence the man who fired the slugs at him last Sunday.—*Nation.*

The arrangements for the emigration of a large number of the Donegal sufferers are proceeding favorably, under the management of Mr. Durbin. We learn that he is in a position to forward 300 adults by the first ship, and will probably on receipt of the next mail from Australia be able to forward 200 more. The Donegal clergymen have on their lists no fewer than 1,200 applications, but, of course, the emigrants will be selected from these, and will be the very poorest and most miserable that can be found. One thousand two hundred people, be it remarked, ready to fly from Nixon's Paradise, and Hill's Arcadia, to an unknown land, half round the world; one thousand two hundred people anxious, eager, to put the diameter of the globe between them and their beneficent landlords! What times we live in—what a rule we live under!—*Ibid.*

Down.

At the Police office, Newry, John Weir gave information to the effect that his house, in Stream street, had been entered, and a cloak and bonnet taken therefrom. His suspicion rested on two men who had been drinking in his house that evening, and who gently intimated that they would rob him. A search warrant was accordingly granted against the supposed perpetrators, but nothing was found to connect them with the robbery.

The six o'clock train from Ballynahinch had reached Ballygowan, within about three and a half miles from Comber, when two or three of the carriages ran off the rails. No injury whatever was done to the carriages, and they were soon replaced on the line; but some female passengers were greatly frightened, and jumped out, fortunately without sustaining any injury. The accident delayed the arrival of the train beyond the usual hour.

A riot of a serious character occurred near Dromara, in which upwards of thirty persons were engaged. There is no doubt but it arose from a party spirit, which has been more or less evident in that district for months past. A number of the principals were brought up at Dromore Petty Sessions at the suit of the police. Several of the party have sustained serious injury.

Galway.

The following appears in the Dublin papers: "The English government decided upon constructing a harbor at Galway, capable of accommodating the transatlantic traffic which is being developed by the new line of steamers between that port and America. Surveys are ordered, and estimates will be prepared of the expense. The company propose to make the service weekly, and the principal advantages set forth by the promoters are that it will save 480 miles in distance, and from 35 to 48 hours in time to passengers; and, owing to its telegrapaic facilities, will enable messages to pass between London and Washington in about six days; that the dangers of the Channel are avoided; that there will be a saving of insurance as well as of wear and tear from the reduced sea distance; that the governments on both sides of the Atlantic will grant mail contracts; and that the requisite vessels have been purchased for extremely small sums.

Instead of what was so confidently predicted a few months since—namely, the total annihilation of the freemen of Galway, not only hove they weathered the storm, but have added to their strength by an accession to their numbers of 149, which, with the 540 already on the roll, makes their number exceed, by about 50, all the other electors of the borough, and virtually places that of the representation of Galway in their hands. The number of applicants was 164, but 15 were struck off, either for being under the age of 21, or failing to prove that they had any trade or occupation.

A gentleman, holding a high official situation in the West of Ireland, left for London to marry his governess, but so smitten was he with the beanty of her sister, that he transferred his affections and person and became her wedded husband.

General Gough has presented his eldest son with Loughcooter Castle—he intends to reside there also.

Kerry.

For a specimen of glowing, manly eloquence, commend us to a military officer when he is about addressing a regiment of militia with a view of inducing them te enlist into the line. What a charming brevity in the sentences—what an elevation in the style—what fire in the ideas! Who could listen unmoved? Quite a number of these spirit-stirring addresses have been delivered to the Irlsh militia regiments lately; but sooth to say, with very insignificant effect. Men have been much wanted to go off and get roasted to death or shot in India while engaged in robbing the inhabitants of their rightful possessions; but Irish Militiamen have not shown a great anxiety to set about that business. They seem to be in general of opinion that the Indians have some claim to the country in which God created them, and, therefore, that it must be wrong to go thousands of miles away for the purpose of invading that country and slaughtering its inhabitants. But the military officers wish to correct that idea, and accordingly in season, and out of season, the men are harangued on the virtues of volunteering. Last week, at Chester, General Sir Harry Smith addressed the Kerry Militia on this head. The papers tell us that, in the first place, the General "rode up and down the ranks"—big, no doubt, with the speech that was within him, and eyeing with great determination the men at whose heads he was about to launch it. At length he burst forth: "*Colonel de Moylens!*—and men of the Kerry Militia!—I have served considerably in the army—before the enemy—and also in times of peace—but (now comes a touch) I never saw an Irish Regiment wanting when called on! Hence it is, my boys!— (Hem!) hence it is—that I feel confident—if you are required for the services of your country—you will be as ready as your countrymen. My boys! when you are asked to volunteer—let your hearts almost jump out of their places—and be ready to join your comrades in India!" Gammon, Sir Harry! Pure Gammon. Why, in the name of common sense, should those young men be so anxious to get killed in India? To die in a good cause is not a frightful thing to brave men, but it is not courage that sends men to die in a bad one. Some years ago there was a Kerry Militia, the men of which fought hard and died nobly, but then they were not invading a foreign country, they were only defending their own, precisely as the Indian people are doing now, and defending it, too, against that same power which is now endeavoring to crush the unfortunate Indians.—*Nation.*

A very melancholy accident occurred under the demesne of Muckrose, Killarney. An old man of about 90, or 96, woodranger to Colonel Herbert, went out to fish, and not returning, the family, with whom he was a favorite, became anxious, and young Mr. Herbert took a boat and set off in search of him. Night fell, however, and no tidings, but on the following morning he was found drowned in part of the Lower Lake which skirts the demesne, and where, had he been a swimmer, but this he never was, three strokes would have saved him. He had been in the employment of Colonel Herbert's father and grandfather—in fact, was born on the estate, and lived there until his melancholy end, and the regret for him is general and deep. He was the planter of the large trees which the tourist will remember at Torc waterfall.—*Cork Constitution.*

A correspondent of the *Munster News*, in exposing the hollowness and falseness of this cant, "Prosperity of the Country," says: "Any one who recollects Kerry since 1827 will find it hard to recognize the traits of this prosperity—unless, indeed, it be comparatively with the state of the county in 1846-7-8 and 9. Where now are the respectable, independent men who thronged in well-mounted and equipped 'fields,' to meet the 'Grenagh hounds,' in the valley of the Gweeston? Where are the O'Sullivans of Corbally; the Foleys of Angalore; the Leslies, the Thompsons; the endless list of brave, stalwarth, independent fellows; those Ajaxes of Civil and and Religious Liberty? They are gone—driven out. Because this is so the country is 'prosperous.'"

A project for the formation of a company under the provisions of the Limited Liability Act, for introducing gas into Killarney, has been spiritedly received there, the requisite capital having been subscribed for within the brief space of a week. Tenders for contracts to lay mains and erect gas works are to be issued forthwith.—*Tralee Chronicle.*

Kilkenny.

A young man named Power, residing at Castlecomer, went a few evenings ago to fly what he called a Spanish kite, of very large dimensions, and having adjusted the cord and tail it rapidly ascended with a brisk breeze until it had taken the full length of the cord, which became entangled round Power's hand, and the wind increasing he was drawn a distance of nearly half a mile in the greatest agony, the cord cutting into the bone. The Rev. Mr. Penrose, the Protestant curate of the parish, seeing the man running and shouting, at one time raised off the ground for a distance of some perches, and again running along at full speed, perceived that he was dragged by the kite, and followed him as fast as he could, but being unable to come up with him, shouted at the top of his voice to "let go; there was a man killed in a thunder storm by the lightning of a kite." When poor Power heard these words, he shouted with redoubled vigor, but could not extricate himself until after the distance mentioned he was stopped by a high stone wall, the top of which being coped, cut the cord and set at liberty the kite and its owner, who was almost lifeless with fatigue and fright.

Limerick.

Considerable disappointment was felt here, says a Limerick correspondent writing on the 27th ult., on receipt of intelligence that the deputation, consisting of the Mayor, James Spaight, Esq., M. P.; F. W. Russell, Esq., M. P., and John Long, Esq., C. E., which had proceeded to London, had had an interview with Mr. Cunard on Saturday last, in which he gave no encouragement, except the enunciation of his opinion that he had long been of opinion that the Shannon was the only port on the west coast of Ireland suited for a packet station, but for the general nature of the service he would prefer Cork; that there were three essential requisites for a successful transatlantic packet service, viz.: a mail contract, a first class passenger traffic, and a goods traffic; and without any one of these resources ruin would be the consequence of any undertaking of the kind. As to the Shannon and Galway, he preferred the former, but he considered Liverpool preferable to either; and as he had got the mail contract for the term of five years from 1862, the mails would continue to be sent from that port. However, notwithstanding Mr. Cunard's opinion, a meeting is to be held in this city to-morrow for the purpose of taking measures to promote a packet station. The secretaries have written to several influential persons inviting them to attend, and amongst the replies received is one from Mr. Smith O'Brien, stating that it is probable that he shall not be present, and giving it as his opinion that it is injudicious to "decry the port of Galway, and to obstruct the efforts which are at present in congress for establishing there a transatlantic packet station." Mr. O'Brien adds: "I wish success to the Galway line—first, because the Lever company has bestowed a great benefit upon Ireland, in endeavoring to prove that transatlantic communication can be carried on successfully from an Irish port; and next, because I believe that the success of the Galway company will lead to the establishment of transatlantic communication with Limerick, whereas the failure would probably retard for many years any similar enterprise from other ports of Ireland.

Mr. Nairn, of Limerick, clothier, is said to be the next in succession to an ancient Scotch baronetcy.

A poor lad, named John Ryan, of great ingenuity, the son of a laboring man in the parish of Pallasgreen, has made with a pen a wonderfully accurate representation of a pound-note of the Enfis branch of the Provincial Bank.

The City of Limerick Artillery is to be immediately called out for permanent embodiment.

Tipperary.

Mr. Carden, a Tipperary landlord, and an Englishman who was sentenced to imprisonment a considerable time ago for attempting to carry off a Miss Arbuthnot and force her to marry him, has been prosecuted again for persisting in annoying the lady with his disgusting and offensive suit. The newspapers have a long report of the case; but it is a stupid and tiresome affair. Carden must be insane, we should think. He has been bound over to the peace on his own recognizances. But has Miss Arbuthnot no "big brother" who can use a horsewhip. Our advice to her—and it is worth a lawyer's fee—is, not to mind prosecuting Carden, but to seek the protection of some stout and gallant young Irishman, as a husband, who will be glad to perform the pleasant duty for her of horsewhipping her persecutor within an inch of his life.—*Irishman.*

The prospectus of the Dungarvan and Clonmel Railway has been issued. The capital is to be £196,000 in 19,600 shares of £10 each; the length of line 28 miles, and as there are said to be few engineering difficulties, the cost per mile is estimated at £7,000.

Mr. Carden is in possession of £2,000 a year, and Miss Arbuthnot has £30,000 fortune.

Wexford.

We are glad to learn, says the *Mercantile Advertiser*, that the company formed under such encouraging auspices, for supplying the great want of railway communication with the county of Wexford, has been received with general gratification and support in the whole course of the line. It is certainly an extraordinary fact that Wexford—one of the best circumstanced counties in Ireland—should have been one of the very last to take any effective step to obtain railway accommodation. At length, however, the invaluable co-operation of Mr. Dargan having been secured, we may look with confidence for prompt and energetic measures by the new company. Several of the principal landowners in the districts through which the railway is to pass are directors, and they are ready to give the most liberal assistance to the good work.

The Wexford *People* says: "As Mr. Patrick Doyle, residing at Coolballow, near this town, was tying up a dog of his the animal suddenly bit him. The dog was shot, the wound was promptly attended to, and, to all appearance, left nothing dangerous behind. But on Snnday Mr. Doyle manifested symptoms of an alarming character—he was seized with the fatal disease of hydrophobia. He was brought to town next day, and had the best medical assistance, but in vain. The deadly virus did its work; and, after exhibiting all the violence of the terrible disorder, and suffering great agony, the poor man died on Tuesday evening."

SECRET SOCIETIES—LETTER FROM WM. SMITH O'BRIEN.

[*From the Nation.*]

The utter failure of the Government to cope with that curious and wonderful organization commonly known as "Ribbonism," is one of the most remarkable facts in Irish affairs of the present day. With innumerable acts of Parliament, savage and arbitrary, at their backs; with new acts in their favor to be had merely for the asking; with, as they allege, great experience of the organization gained by the disclosures of spy and informer; with fifty thousand soldiers, thirty thousand gens d'armes, and ten times thirty thousand co-operating supporters throughout the country, the British Government have failed to overthrow this mysterious Society. Now bursting forth in the North, now in the South; now appearing in Manchester, now in Birkenhead; now in Fermanagh, now in Glasgow; it is like some enchanted fire that defies all effort to quench it, or discover its source.

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"Names" are used to attract members into these Societies. The most ridiculously absurd and false representations are made, more or less vaguely. Now it is "John Mitchell;" now it is "Smith O'Brien;" now it is "Ten French Generals who have signed a paper promising to come when so many men are enrolled." The *Nation* is "in," but, "of course, cannot pretend that it is." We have felt it to be our duty to visit the district laid under this folly, to ascertain the real state of the case, and, by oral expostulation, to point out the mistake of advocating such a system in connection with National politics. But we found that if we desired to be free from the charge of conniving at misuse of our name, we must take public means to protest against it. Our illustrious countryman, Mr. Smith O'Brien, whose name has been made powerful use of, seems to take a similar view of the case, as may be seen by the following letter, which will, we trust, have effect on the courageous but erring men who are being misled by false pretences:

"Cahirmoyle, Newcastle West
Oct. 26, 1858.

"My Dear Sir:—In answer to your inquiry I have no hesitation in authorizing you to say that I do not belong to any Secret Society, and more, that though convicted of what was

called *High Treason* by the expounders of British law, but of what I still venture to think was *Patriotic Duty*, I never belonged to a Secret Society. I hope you will lose no time in cautioning the *Nationalists* of Ireland against connection with such societies. Either through indiscretion or through treachery the *secrets* of such associations become known almost immediately to the government, and furnish a pretext for invasions upon public liberty.

"I do not think it at all probable that I shall ever invite my fellow countrymen to connect themselves with me in any proceeding which requires concealment. I wish that our country should be *self-governed*, and though I may not live to witness the accomplishment of this desire, I am still disposed, (notwithstanding the apparent indifference of public feeling on the subject,) to believe that the progress of events —in other words—the will of Providence will eventually bring to pass this happy consummation of the destinies of Ireland. From the avowal of this sentiment I have never shrunk for a single moment, from the day when I joined the Repeal Association, to the hour at which I now write. I require no Secret Association to veil this aspiration. I remain, my dear sir, yours very faithfully.

"WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

"A. M. Sullivan, Esq."

There remains for us but to point out to Irishmen that there are other duties for Irish Nationalists just now, far more wise, and far more effectual to serve the cause of Irish freedom, than furnishing the enemy with flimsy pretexts for "striking terror" with "Crime and Outrage Acts." Whether wilfully or only erringly, the man who helps in the government work of making a "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" scarecrow of National efforts—of connecting them with midnight plots for midday anarchy—is an enemy to his country and a deadly foe to the cause of her freedom. That cause is not the cause of anarchy, but of *order*: not of alarm, but of *security*. Within its organization no crimes against individuals or against property shall be able to hide or hatch. It will rise its banner and strike, if it does strike, fairly, openly, manfully, as befits the just and holy struggle which it represents. Away, then, Irishmen, with this paltry, yet mischievous dabbling in plot, and take to fostering and spreading the rapidly growing spirit of the country. Events stride rapidly onward every moment; events full of certain assurances of hope to Ireland. All Europe sees the coming of what must be the Time of Times for our long-crushed country; the day of justice and punishment on the great persecutor of our race. No malefactor in the condemned cell ever listened to the sounds of nailing up the scaffold for the morrow's execution, with feelings more certain of ended lawlessness and coming doom, than the English Oligarchy to the note of preparation now resounding from Cherbourg to St. Petersburg. The Government would give millions to have Ireland weak and prostrate in the coming hour. Be it our care that it shall find us strong and watchful; be it our duty to preserve and husband our strength, and "bide our time."

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

PERSECUTION OF CATHOLICS IN POLAND.—We read in the *Gazette de Posen*: "The following events have taken place in Lithuania. In the Russian Government of Grodno, circle of Wolkowsky, is a crown village of about 150 houses, the inhabitants of which were converted by force to schism, and the peasants resolved to return to the Catholic Church, without asking leave of the government, and went with this object to the ecclesiastic Olendzki, a resolute old man, who, regardless of the menaces of the government, received them into the Church. When the Russian clergy heard of this a prosecution, which is still going on, was instituted; but meanwhile, to reduce the peasants to obedience, the Governor-General Nasimoff sent a detachment of troops, his Aide-de-Camp Popow, and some police to the spot. All the inhabitants of the village, without exception, have been beaten with rods. One hundred and odd peasants, three of whom died during the torture, received each 600 strokes of the knout. The ecclesiastic Olendzki was already dead from natural causes, but the dean and his vicar were taken to Wilna, and treated in a revolting manner. They were threatened to be sent to Siberia, and were ultimately delivered over to the tribunal. The Metropolitan, who was at Wilna, received from General Nasimoff the written order to expel them immediately, and this order was executed without sentence of consistory, without respect for canonical law."

ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE.—The Right. Rev. Dr. Whelan, in the absence of his Grace the Archbishop, held an ordination in the College of the Foreign Missions on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 20th, 21st, and 22d October. The holy order of Priesthood was conferred on the Rev. Michael O'Fannan, who is destined for the mission of Newark, New Jersey (U.S.), and on the Rev. James S. Cotter, destined for San Francisco, California. In the month of September his Lordship ordained the Rev. William Tierney for the diocese of Melbourne, Australia. On Saturday, the 16th October, the Rev. James Moore, priest of the diocese of Melbourne, who lately completed his course of studies in All Hallows College, embarked at Liverpool, as chaplain on board the Annie Wilson.

"PERVERTS" FROM THE BISHOP OF OXFORD'S FAMILY.—A clerical correspondent of the London *Record* thus writes: "It is high time that your readers should be informed of what has happened in the family of the Bishop of Oxford himself, and how many of his lordship's own relatives and near connexions have joined the Church of Rome. You will be shocked to learn that they probably amount, including children, to some three and twenty persons. There have 'apostatized': 1—The whole of his elder brother's family except his elder brother himself, viz.: Mr. William Wilberforce, his wife; Mr. W. Wilberforce, jun., his wife, and two children. 2—The bishop's socond brother, the late Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce; but, happily, his two sons have not followed their father's example. 3—The bishop's youngest brother, the Rev. Henry Wilberforce, his wife and six children. 4—The bishop's near connexions that have taken the same fatal steps are Archdeacon Manning, and the Rev. G. Ryder, a son of the late Bishop of Lichfield, with his wife and six children. The bishop, Archdeacon Manning, and the Rev. G. Ryder, married sisters."

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CORK.—The friends of Catholicity will be highly pleased at learning that the public meeting of the laity, held on Sunday, 24th Oct., at which the Mayor presided, for the purpose of collecting funds to enlarge and complete St. Mary's Church in this city, achieved, as the French say, a great success. It was attended by the *elite* of our city, and it scarcely needed the eloquent speeches delivered upon the occasion to excite the enthusiasm of the citizens of Cork, which is ever zealously exerted in the cause of religion and charity. The able and heart-stirring appeals of Mr. Fagan, M.P., and Mr. J. N. Murphy, were liberally responded to, and the fact was very clearly demonstrated by the financial result. A sum of one thousand and two pounds was collected on the spot among the parties present, and as all promised their active co-operation a far larger amount will be necessary to complete the structure.—*Reporter*.

A STRANGE STORY.—A strange affair is narrated in the *Journal de Bruxelles*: "At half-past twelve o'clock, on the night of Tuesday, a loud explosion was heard in the College St. Michel, Rue des Ursulines, which is occupied by the Jesuits; and it turned out to have been occasioned by a fulminating bomb having been thrown at a window on the first story, and having struck the wall just beneath the window. By the explosion several panes of the windows on the first floor and an entire window opposite were broken. So loud was the explosion that all the neighborhood was thrown into great commotion. In addition to the bomb so flung, one was picked up, which was made of coarse earthenware, covered with paste-board, and containing gunpowder, while attached to it was a small bladder, which from the smell appears to have been filled with spirits of wine. Public rumor affirms that the object of the person who threw the bomb was to set fire to the college."

CATHOLIC GRIEVANCES.—A petition has been presented in person to the Prime Minister of the King of Denmark by the Rev. T. A. O'Ryan, the beloved pastor of St. Croix, West India. The petition is explicit, and fully details the grievances under which the Catholic people of the Danish West India Islands labor. The Prime Minister has given every assurance of immediate and prompt relief. The Rev. T. A. O'Ryan, whose zeal in this matter is so worthy of the highest praise, is, we may mention, a native of Connaught, and was educated in the College of St. Jarlath's, Tuam.

KILLARNEY, UNION WORKHOUSE.—Lord Viscount Castlerosse has, we are informed, presented the Board of Guardians of the above Union with the handsome sum of £25 towards the expenses of introducing two additional stained glass windows into the Roman Catholic chapel, recently constructed at the workhouse, the expense of the one already completed having been defrayed by the excellent Chairman of the Board, Daniel Cronin Coltsman.—*Tralee Chronicle*.

RESTITUTION.—John Kelly, a small farmer residing in Drumod, parish of Clooneraff, county Roscommon, gratefully acknowledges having received two pounds from the Rev. Edward Keogh, P. P., of Kilmore, being restitution made through the Tribunal of Confession.

ST. GABRIEL'S REFORMATORY, ATHLONE.—The Sisters of Mercy, Athlone, return their most grateful thanks to the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Lord Bishop of Limerick, and to the clergy of that city, for their subscriptions to St. Gabriel's Reformatory in that town.

WEXFORD.—NEW CHURCH.—A. Cliffe, Esq., of Bellevue, Enniscorthy (a recent convert), is about to erect a beautiful chapel close to his mansion. The work will be commenced immediately; from the designs of Mr. Pugin, the eminent architect.

The *Freeman*, of Sydney, announces that the Council of St. John's College had entered upon their duties, and despatched letters to his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, his Lordship the Bishop of Birmingham, and the Very Rev. Dr. Newman, requesting them to seek for a gentleman competent to fill the office of Rector of the College. The venerable the Archdeacon was to proceed to Europe by the next mail, prepared with all the information necessary to enable these dignitaries to make a good selection.

Six ladies from Loretto Convent, Navan, sailed from Kingstown on the 21st ult., in order to establish a branch of the institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the diocese of the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne.

A Paris correspondent of *Le Nord* states that numerous French missionaries, men and women, have left during the last few months. Ten members of the Society of Mary have left for New Caledonia; a bishop and ten members of the same society for the Oceanic missions; thirty-one members of the Society of Picpus for Tahiti, Sandwich Islands, Valparaiso, Santiago, Lima, &c.; two monks and two nuns for North America; and twenty-one priests of the Society of Foreign Missions for China.

The Right Rev. Dr. Fallon, Bishop of Kilmacduagh, held an ordination at the Gort Chapel, when the Rev. John Forde of the Irish College, Paris, was received to the order of Deacon, and on the following day, Sunday, the Rev. P. A. M'Donagh, from the Dunboyne establishment, Maynooth, were ordained priests. His lordship has appointed the Rev. Mr. Forde for Gort, and Rev. Mr. M'Donough to Kinvara.

The Rev. J. Hughes, adminstrator of the cathedral parish, Carlow, has been promoted to the parish of Naas, left vacant by the death of the lamented Father Gerald Doyle. The Rev. Mr. Hughes was at one time curate of Kilcock, and subsequently, for many years, Dean of St. Patrick's College at Carlow.

The Rev. Michael Dowling, of the Congregation of St. Vincent de Paul, died at Shangai, China, on the 30th of July last, in the 39th year of his age. The lamented deceased was formerly of St. Peter's, Phibsborough, and nephew of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fallen, Bishop of Kilmacduagh and Kilfenora.

The collection received at the consecration of Magheral Church, including tickets, amounts to nearly four hundred pounds—a great tribute from good Catholics and generous-hearted members of other religious denominations.

The month's memory for the Very Rev. John Wall, O.S.C., took place at Fethard, at which a great number of the clergy of the county Waterford and county Tipperary assembled in the Convent at Fethard.

The Rev. V. Thomas, who died lately in Oxford, England, held three livings, from which he received an income of £55,154. The entire population of the three parishes is 1,145. Dr. Thomas was 84 years old.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd gratefully acknowledge the receipt of £5 from the Right Rev. Dr. Griffin, Protestant Bishop of Limerick.

The Rev. J. Hughes, administrator, has received a valuable article, in restitution, for Henry Bruen, Esq., Oakpark.—*Carlow Post*.

Cardinal Wiseman purposes lecturing on behalf of the Irish Catholic Poor Schools in London, on the subject of his late visit to Ireland.

Domestic.

VALUABLE SERVICES OF FATHER JOSET, THE INDIAN MISSIONARY.—The services of Father Joset, of the Catholic Mission, among the Cœur d'Alenes, says the San Francisco *Bulletin*, have been invaluable. The troops had beaten and scattered the Indians, driving them into mountains and ravines. They were alarmed at the sight of the whites and for very fear would not come in to ask for peace and submit themselves, had it not been for the active and zealous aid of this priest. Through his influence the treaties have been very much forwarded. The Cœur d'Alenes' mission seems to be productive of great good among the Indians. Although against the advice and Christian teaching of their priest, in a moment of excitement they madly rushed to war, they have since their defeat behaved in such a manner as to make a more favorable impression upon the command than have any other Indians with whom it has had to deal. The influence of Christianity upon them is evident. Until contaminated by contact with settlements, and whiskey, and the evil influence of bad white men, they can easily be managed, notwithstanding that, as enemies, no tribe of the same number is so dangerous, both from the nature of their country and its position, and their own courage and daring.

CONSECRATION OF A NEW CHURCH.—St. Mary's Church, just erected in Wilmington, Del., was solemnly consecrated on Sunday, 31st ult., by Right Rev. Bishop Neumann, attended by several of the Rev. clergy from Philadelphia, and all those of Delaware. The ceremony commenced before 8 o'clock A. M., and it was not ended till noon. Solemn Pontifical Mass was then celebrated by Bishop Neumann, Rev. R. Kleineidam as Arch-priest, and Rev. Messrs. M. Coblin as Deacon, and E. Fitzmaurice as Sub-Deacon, and Rev. F. O'Connor as Master of Ceremonies. Right Rev. Bishop Carrell, of Covington, Ky., preached on the occasion. His sermon was both eloquent and instructive. The subject was the Mission of the Catholic Church.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, EAST LIBERTY.—We are glad to see that this Church is rapidly approaching completion. It is one of the handsomest in the neighborhood of the city, and will be an ornament to that flourishing borough. The Church is for the use of the Germans exclusively. The number of Germans residing in the vicinity is considerable, and they badly required a Church for their own use. The others will continue, as heretofore, to attend St. Mary's, Lawrenceville, or come to some of the churches in the city, until they are able to get up one for themselves.—*Pittsburgh Catholic*.

ORDINATIONS.—On Sunday, Oct. 10th, the Rev. J. A. Vogel was ordained Deacon, and on next Sunday Priest, by Rt. Rev. Dr. Miles, in the Cathedral at Nashville, Tenn. On the 17th Oct., Rev. M. Portes was ordained Priest by Bishop Portier of Mobile. At the same time M. Gutton was raised to the order of Sub-Deaconship. Both the Rev. gentlemen are students of Spring Hill College, Ala.

SUNDAY OMNIBUSES.—A petition has been presented to the Mayor, asking that the omnibus lines which run on Sunday be stopped on that day. This, if carried into effect, will prevent the attendance of many poor people at church on Sundays. We wonder whether these people who affect to have such very sensitive consciences, would sign a petition to exempt Catholics from paying a tax for the support of schools to which they cannot conscientiously send their children?—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph*.

A NEW CHURCH BELL.—The venerable and interesting ceremony of consecrating a Church Bell to the pious offices it is destined to fulfil, was performed, in St. Mary's Church, Burlington, Vt., on Sunday, 7th inst., by Bishop de Goesbriand. The bell is a very fine-toned one, weighing about 1,300 pounds, and is from the celebrated foundry of Meneely, in West Troy.

CLERICAL CHANGES.—Rev. Anthony M. Grundtner, of Nippenose Valley, has been appointed pastor of St. Mary's Church, Lebanon. Rev. Joseph Hamm, of St. Clair, to St. Mary's, Nippenose Valley. Rev. Severin Sommer, of Honesdale, to St. Boniface's, St. Clair. Rev. Basil A. Shorb, of Summit Hill, to St. Francis', Gettysburg.—*Phila. Cath. Herald and Visitor*.

CONFIRMATIONS.—On Sunday, 7th inst., the Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to seventy-three persons at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Goshenhoppen. The Rt. Rev. Bishop also gave Confirmation in St. John's Church on Sunday, the 14th inst.—*Ibid*.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Carrell of Covington, Ky., preached in this city on Sunday, 7th inst., in St. John's Church, and a few evenings before in St. Mary's. His many friends here were truly glad to see him.—*Ibid*.

Rt. Rev. Thaddeus Amat, Bishop of Monterey, Cal., passed through Philadelphia lately in excellent health, on his way to Rome.—*Ibid*.

Rev. Father Folchi, S. J., of St. Joseph's College, in this city, will shortly sail for Rome.—*Ib*.

Rev. John McCaffry, D. D., President of Mount St. Mary's College, preached on Sunday, 7th inst., in St. Vincent's Church to a large and attentive congregation. His intention was to spend some little time among his friends in Baltimore, but he unexpectedly received a call to Philadelphia on Monday morning, in consequence of the death of Dr. McNeal, his brother-in-law. Many will be gratified to hear that the request of the Alumni of Mount St. Mary's, in reference to the publication of the speeches and proceedings on the occasion of the College Jubilee, will be complied with. We have learned that part of Dr. McCaffrey's business in this visit is to endeavor to have that work speedily printed. It is our sincere wish that no circumstance may arise to delay its appearance beyond the earliest possible period. —*Baltimore Catholic Mirror*.

Right Rev. Bishop Amat spent a few days in this city during the past week. Whilst here, he stopped at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, among his old confreres of the Congregations of the Missions. He appears to be in excellent health. The Bishop has left his See of Monterey to visit Europe on important matters relating to his diocese. He will probably spend most of his sojourn on the Continent, at Rome. We wish this devoted Prelate a happy and prosperous voyage, and successful fulfilment of his desires.—*Ibid*.

The members of St. Dominic's Church, Rev. Mr. Young, Pastor, says the Washington *Intelligencer*, have recently held a successful Fair for its pecuniary benefit, and, from the large attendance on the Sabbath and the other observances of this Church, we have reason to suppose it is in a prosperous state.

The Rev. Mr. Farren died in Boston on the 6th inst. He has been ill for some time past, and but recently returned from the South, where he went for the benefit of his health. He was about twenty-five years of age.

On the 7th inst. a new Catholic Church was dedicated in Kalamazoo, Mich., by Bishop Lefevre, of Detroit. Rev. Mr. Hecker, of New York, preached the sermon.

DEATHS.

October 22, at 4 Belvedere place, Dublin, in the 91st year of her age, Catherine, relict of Robert Hyndman.

October 22, at her residence, James's street, Catherine, relict of Mr. Thomas Moore.

October 22, Patrick Flood, of No. 4 Spring Garden, Parade.

October 23, in Upper Gloucester street, Christina, aged 75 years, relict of Hugh Reilly, of Castle Roach, county of Louth.

October 24, in Upper Dorset street, John Sedgwick Maddock, aged 78 years.

October 56, at 75 Talbot street, after a protracted illness, Daniel Costigan, aged 70 years. R.I.P.

October 28, at 4 Harcourt street, in the 56th year of his age, Joseph Short. May he rest in peace.

October 21, at Vernon avenue, Clontarf, Anna, wife of Henry Davis, coroner, county Dublin.

October 21, at Whitechurch, Mrs. Teresa Maria Jenkins, aged 65 years.

October 23, at Eglinton, Roundtown, aged 36 years, Ellen, wife of Edward Lalor, solicitor.

October 21, in Waterford, aged 77 years, George Dowsley.

October 22, at Glenville, Catherine, relict of the late George Hall, of Rathmore Lodge, county Kildare.

October 22, at Glenville Castle, Cushendal, James Hargraves, late of Manchester.

October 16, at Liverpool, George Stuart Hawthorn, M.D., formerly of Belfast, aged 65.

At Havana, Julia Maria, wife of Luis Gonzalez, daughter of the late John Cumming O'Brien, surgeon, Kilcullen, county Kildare.

October 14, at the Castle of Joannesburg, the residence of the Count Nesselrode, on the Rhine, near Cologne, Maria Teresa, second daughter of the late Florence M'Carthy, formerly President of "The College," Killarney, and sister of Charles Aylmer M'Carthy, solicitor.

October 22, Mr. John Byrne, late of the City Tavern, Capel street, Dublin, after a long and tedious illness.

October 25, after a protracted illness, at his residence Longwood, county Meath, Mr. Philip Grady, aged 63 years, sincerely regretted.

Suddenly, Mr. Denis Harrington, apothecary, of Waterford.

THE INSURGENT PRIEST—A TRUE STORY.

One fine Sunday morning in summer, I attended the Mass which was celebrated at the humble but romantically-situated chapel of St. ——, in the lower part of the county Carlow. I was on a visit to a friend's house near, and this being the nearest chapel I went there, and glad was I of the selection I had made, for a more picturesque country or a more respectable though humble congregation I have rarely if ever witnessed; and of the pastor I am fully convinced that any description I could give would fall far short of the reality.

He was tall, though slightly bowed by age, and his face had the freshness of continued health, whilst his hair, silvered with the mellowy tints of old age, fell loosely over his shoulders. He was just such a priest as we figure to ourselves when we think of the violators of the penal laws, who, in defiance of the Sassenach, celebrated the hidden Mass in the mountain caves and solitudes of the forest, and in the crevices of the rocky, surf-beaten shore.

He read the service in a loud sonorous voice; and after addressing a few words to the congregation, descended the altar, but he had scarcely done so when he became deadly pale, and would have fallen had he not been caught in the arms of a young man, who bore him into the vestry.

This excited much sensation amongst the congregation; but what was their grief when, after a few minutes of anxious suspense, the young curate ascended the altar, and, in a voice hoarse with emotion, announced that all that concerned their well-loved fatherly pastor was over for ever!

Leaving, amid the tears and prayers of the whole congregation, I returned with my friend to his house, and, as we took our way through the fields, I learned from him of the life and sorrows of that priest who had so suddenly been taken away from amongst us.

In the troublesome times of '98, James G—— was a student in C—— College. On his return home, during vacation, he was surprised to see the sad havoc which had been made along his route on places which had but a short time before been smiling and happy. Secluded and happy in his quiet college home, he had been totally unaware and unacquainted with the sad events which were passing in the world around him, and his astonishment and surprise may well be conceived.

But, amid the ruin and desolation by which he was surrounded, he felt happy, for sunny memories of loved ones awaiting him arose on his mind. His loving, affectionate mother, his frank, noble father, and then came a glimpse of a bright, fair-haired sister, who so frequently crossed his thoughts, and interfered with his studies, since he had left home.

It was nearly dark when the car stopped at its destination, about a mile from the youth's home. A short time sufficed to bring him there, for his step became more elastic as he thought of the fond welcome that awaited him.

The night was dark; and as he entered the *boreen* leading to the house he fancied he had never before felt it so lonely and silent, and he wondered why the lamp was not gleaming in the cottage window as it was wont to do. As he entered the *bawn* the moon, which had until now been hidden with clouds, shed a dim uncertain light over the place, but faint as was the light it sufficed to show the tale of ruin that awaited him. Instead of the smiling cottage which so often had gladdened his sight, the fire-blackened, ruined, roofless walls alone met his frenzied gaze. For a moment he stood still; then, with a cry of horror, he bounded forward, and entering what once was the door, threw himself on the damp cold hearth-stone, and wept tears of bitter, bitter anguish.

He rose, and, after one look of agony on the remains of his childhood's home, proceeded to a cabin adjacent, and there he learned of the deeds of the ruthless soldiery, how the homestead of his fathers had been burned, how his sorrowful, broken-hearted parents had wept themselves into the tomb; and they told him how they had been tended, and caressed, and soothed in their sorrow by the sister of his heart, and how even she, too, the guileless, light-hearted and pure, had found an early grave, and how the flowers of summer were budding over her grave in the lone churchyard.

He waited to hear no more, but, rushing out of the house, hurried in the direction of the graveyard, and there threw himself on the graves where his heart was centred, and wept, and prayed, and wept, till exhausted nature corld bear no more.

In the morning some of the neighbors around, who felt for his sorrows, went to search for him, but he was nowhere to be found; and Corbet Hill numbered one more among its gallant band of insurgents on that morning; and men who fought in the battle of Ross could tell of a youth who, in the dark hour of conflict, headed on a body of men, cleared the barricades, and swept the defenders of the town before him. Men who fought through the whole of the Wexford Insurrection, and shared in its disastrous termination, could tell of a youth who ever in the hour of trial encouraged his comrades, and spurred them on to the glorious deeds which have ennobled the gallant sons of Wexford, and raised them foremost among the people of Ireland.

* * * * * * * *

Fourteen months after James G—— entered the college again, and few who looked with surprise on the furrrows which had come in his once handsome features could conjecture the sorrows and dangers through which that brave young heart had passed.

Such was the story of Father G.—*Irishman.*

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

ENGLAND.

John Wesley and the Crucifix.—The late Rev. James Manning, an eminent Presbyterian Minister of Exeter, who died in that city, 10th September, 1831, at 78, in his manuscript biography, written before his death, relates (in page 23) that before completing his studies at the Hoxton Academy in 1774, he used to be a frequent visitor at the house of the Rev. Dr. Harris, and there was in the habit of meeting with many distinguished ministers. "Amongst others I once met Dr. Stennett, and the meeting will never be forgotten by me, from an anecdote he related concerning John Wesley. The Doctor told us he had that afternoon been visiting a lady of his own congregation, who was confined to her bed by a long illness. When I came into the room, the Doctor said, I thought the lady appeared disconcerted by my entrance, but I took no immediate notice of it; yet, after praying with her, and being about to take leave, I judged it proper to apologize for coming, perhaps unseasonably, when she answered, she was glad to see me, and that she had just before been visited by Mr. Wesley, to whom she had complained of want of fixedness of attention to religious subjects, especially in acts of devotion. He advised her to make use of a Crucifix to prevent distraction of mind but that, fearing this object might hurt my feelings, she had shuffled it under her pillow on my entrance, and that this had occasioned some little confusion."

A Very Obliging Organ.—A parish in the west of England, after much effort, lately purchased a self acting organ, warranted to play twenty tunes, and a larger congregation than usual met to inaugurate it. The first psalm had been successfully brought to an end, when, after a short passage pause, the organ choose to commence psalm-tune number two. In vain the officiating person endeavored to stop it; in vain the church wardens left their own pews to evade its noises; still the organ, as though uncontrollably pleased with its own execution, kept on with the new air. What was to be done? The service was suspended in the hope that the musical stranger might be content when the second tune was played. Vain expectation! It commenced number three! and nothing remained but to carry the instrument into the churchyard, and there cover it with vestry carpet to choke the voice, for on and on it went till the number of twenty had been played out, much to the edification of the less attentive part of the congregation, who could only hear half smothered melodies.

A Fearful Situation.—A young man named Lister, who was sojourning a short time ago at St. Bees, took a stroll on the bluff headlands, known by the name of St. Bees Head. His footing, as he contemplated the gulf below, slightly gave way, and the shingle slipt, and he slid down about seven yards, when he caught a ledging of a rock with both his hands. In this perilous position he remained for three hours suspended over a rocky chasm, thirty yards deep! His cries attracted the attention of a student who was providentially walking on the beach below, and the gentleman immediately called out to the man to keep his hold; and throwing off his gown, hastened to the nearest house for a rope, which he lowered from the top. Lister's hands being engaged he was only able to avail himself of the rope with his mouth, and not till he had grasped it firmly between his teeth did he venture to release his hands. He was then drawn up to the top, and his miraculous escape was a theme of rejoicing both to himself and his preserver.—*Carlisle Journal.*

Her Grave was her Bridal Bed.—A funeral, with some degree of romance attached to it, took place lately at the extramural cemetery at Brighton, Sussex. The deceased, named Mary Ann Nicholls, 23 years of age, was a relative of, and adopted by one of the oldest of the inhabitants, a lady named Willis, and she was engaged to be married to the son of a townsman, and everything was prepared for the nuptials. A week previous to the day appointed, the young lady caught cold, and was a corpse on the day appointed for the wedding. She was buried in the dress, a blue satin one, prepared for the marriage.

Cromwell and the Old Cavalier.—When Oliver first coined his money, an old cavalier, looking upon one side of the new pieces, read this inscription, "God with us:" on the other, "The Commonwealth of England." "I see," said he, "God and the Commonwealth are on different sides."

Fire and Water.—A farce was performed in Bannister's time, under the title of "Fire and Water." "I predict its fate," said he. "What fate?" whispered the anxious author at his side. "What fate?" said Bannister; "why, what can fire and water produce but a hiss?"

The total number of ships of war belonging to the English navy in commission is 276, carrying 4,628 guns, and manned by 46,764 seamen. Of this number 52 are on the East India and China stations, representing a force of 485 guns and 5,964 men.

Two men have been arrested in Wolverhampton for stealing a coffin. The coffin was of copper, and worth three hundred dollars. The thieves took out the body and left it in the tomb and sold the coffin for old copper.

Dr. Johnson has left on record, that as he was passing by a fishmongers who was skinning an eel alive, he heard him curse him because it would not lie still!

The massacre of the English and French consuls at Tetuan turns out to have been a hoax. On the 12th of October nothing had been heard of it at Tangiers, and an official telegraphic despatch from Oran states that it is pure invention.

FRANCE.

M. Lamartine.—A French journal, *Gaulois*, publishes a letter from Lamartine to M. Philoxene Boyer, dated from Saint Point (his country seat near Macon), in which the worldly unfortunate poet and retired statesman says: "I am here but for a moment; I am come to take (in all probability) a last adieu of my native home, and to remove the furniture before the place is put up to auction. If within three months France does not respond to our appeal, I shall leave her soil that I may not die upon it. *Ne quidem ossa!*"

A rumor is circulated and fully accredited in Paris, that orders have been transmitted to General Macmahon for immediate concentration of all the troops in Algeria, preparatory to a campaign against Morocco. The last battle fought at Isly against this Emperor of the Moors only produced a name for a Paris street, and a huge umbrella, which was captured with the imperial baggage. A more material guarantee will be secured this time. Byron laughed at "General Count O'Reilly, who did not take Algiers, but Algiers took him;" it is now a crumb of comfort for the "Irish" that from the Pyrenees to the range of Mount Atlas every bayonet and firelock is under the sway of Pat Macmahon and Leopold O'Donnell.—*Globe.*

In digging the space fronting the Church of St. Eustace for sewerage purposes, the workmen came on the bones of a gigantic warrior, in an armor formed out of leaden plates, with fragments of rude pottery and a metal lance by his side. This Goliah of old Gaul was laid there when a forest occupied the northern suburbs of Paris, and a Druidical temple marked the site of the church. Eustace as well as Hubert were patron saints of huntsmen in legendary lore.

Cardinal Antonelli's brother has arrived in Paris. Much speculation is afloat, of course, as to the motive of his new visit. He has already had several interviews with the Archbishop of Paris, and has been twice received by the Emperor at St. Clouds.

The new experiments for breeding oysters in the Bay of St. Brieuc, by letting down branches of trees and faggots to catch the seed as it ascended, though affected late in the season, have succeeded admirably, and in some places have exceeded all expectations.—*Paris paper.*

Public amusements in Paris have been very prosperous of late. Last month the receipts of the theatres, concerts, &c., were considerably more than the preceding.

The death of the Irish giant, Murphy, who some years ago exhibited at Paris, has just taken place at Alkmar, in Holland.

The French government refused to permit England to act either as arbiter or mediator between France and Portugal.

The Emperor and Empress of the French have been invited by the King of Sardinia to visit him in Turin next spring.

Prince Napoleon will proceed on a tour to Martinique, Guadoloupe, and other French islands, after his return from visiting Algeria.

BELGIUM.

At the late rifle practice at Brussels, in presence of the King, the following were the results of the firing: "As far as concern the Civic Guard the following are the facts: 2,220 men, with guns, fired 11,100 balls, of which 1,115 touched the target. They obtained 12,530 points; made 50 blanks. The average was that 10 per cent. of the balls struck the mark. 200 men armed with muskets fired 1,000 balls, of which 220 struck the target. They obtained 2,660 points; made 16 blanks. The average 22 per cent. As to the army, 78 men armed with the carbine fired 390 balls, of which one-third, that is to say 130, touched the target. They obtained 1,625 points and made 10 blanks. On the average 33 per cent. of the balls hit the mark. 384 shooters used the rifle gun. The result was 1,920 balls fired; 584 balls hit the mark; 6,250 points were obtained; 33 blanks. The average of balls hitting the object was 28 per cent.; 156 shooters with non-rifled guns. They fired 780 balls; 122 hit the target. They obtained 1,385 points; made 11 blanks. The average of balls that hit the mark was 16 per cent. The shooters served with *armes de precision* were numerous; 254 took part in the match at the fixed target. They fired 2,540 balls, of which 2,257 reached the target. They made 416 blanks, being the enormous average of 88 out of every 100 touching the mark." These results appeared to interest the King greatly. They show the enormous advantage of *armes de precision* over the ordinary arms.

ITALY.

Tuscany.—A letter says: "I am sorry to notice a failure of the oil crop in Tuscany and about Lucca, owing to a sort of worm that has made its appearance just as the olive fruit was ripening. This will be a sad blow to many a Tuscan farmer, as in those parts an olive tree in full bearing is thought a very full dowry to give to a daughter on her espousals. What are the little olive branches to do for food!"

The Russians in Italy.—Three Russian ships, the Retwisom, of 84 guns, and two sloops, are likely to winter in the Bay of Villafranca. French and Russian vessels of war will also pass the winter at Gravosa, and that to the great disgust of the Austrians.

Civita Vecchia.—Although the fortifications of Civita Vecchia are making rapid progress, orders have recently been received from Paris to put on more hands.

SPAIN.

The Madrid journals state that a prosecution of the *Espana* had been ordered for an article comparing Marshal O'Donnell to Oliver Cromwell, and offensively reminding him of what was done to the remains of the latter after death. The same journals publish a circular addressed by the Minister of Public Works to all subordinate functionaries, in which he recommends them to abstain from influencing the election.

PORTUGAL.

Portugal has yielded to the arguments of French ships of war, and consented to give an indemnity for the imprisonment of the Captain of the supposed slaver. The case has a significance of its own. The English newspapers and the English government professed to believe that Portugal was completely in the right, in this matter, and France utterly in the wrong; and it was boasted that the British navy would protect the smaller and weaker power. But England manifested her wholesome fear of French anger by backing out of the controversy; and poor Portugal, deserted by her British protector, was forced to yield to the stern demands of Napoleon.

SWITZERLAND.

A Touching Incident.—One of the saddest stories we ever read was that of a little child in Switzerland whom his mother, one bright morning, dressed in a beautiful jacket, all shining with guilt buttons, and gay as a mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out to play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the Swiss cottage when an enormous eagle snatched him from the earth and bore him high up among the mountains, and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the eyrie being at a point which was inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In destroying the child, the eagle so placed his gay jacket in the nest that it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the lowlands, long after the eagle had abandoned the nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim!

From the Valais there is news of the new school in brig, where the Jesuits had formerly an establishment. It is said that the families who are favorable to the Jesuits have founded the new Institute by means of shares, and they were supposed to design intrusting the conduct of it to such members of the Society of Jesus as are citizens of the Valais, or at least Swiss citizens. Negotiations were entered into with the Provincial of the Jesuits, who thought, however, in the present aspect of Swiss politics, that the foundation of such an Institute was premature and unadvisable. The school was therefore intrusted to secular Ecclesiastics, but its spirit and discipline are entirely on the Je suit model. The Press calls on the authorities to restrain the spread of Jesuitism. But it is clear that the means are wanting so long as the rise of schools and houses belonging to Jesuits proper cannot be shown.

RUSSIA.

A sentence has just been passed in default, by a council of war at St. Petersburg, upon an ensign of dragoons, named Sadovsky, who during the war in the Crimea went over to the Turkish army, and subsequently renounced Christianity for the Mahomedan faith. The sentence declared him a traitor to his country. His name, attached to a gibbet, will be exposed in a public place, and he himself, if ever taken, will be openly degraded by the hands of the hangman, who will break his sword upon his head, &c., after which he will be sent to labor for life in the mines of Siberia, never leaving the depths of the mine.

One of the most important public works for the commercial prosperity and development of the resources of Russia has just been commenced, with the sanction of the Emperor. It is the construction of a navigable canal from Astrachan to the Caspian Sea, which will enable vessels of moderate tonnage to proceed to the former city and thence up the Wolga. Important local improvements are going on in other parts of the empire; thus, the ports of Liebau and Riga are being deepened to allow vessels drawing eighteen feet of water to unload at once, without the necessity of discharging their cargoes into lighters.

The latest statistical accounts, derived from the Russian census of 1851, give to European Russia a population of 57,226,760, including both sexes, the nobility and all the privileged classes, the serfs belonging to the nobility (who alone are entitled to hold them), and the peasants of the Crown. Of these 22,000,000 serfs, 30,000 belong to 5,000 lords who have no land, and who hire out the services of their serfs to others.

A letter from St. Petersburg says that in consequence of some astronomical experiments, relative to the true gographical position of Moscow and St. Petersburg, it has been discovered that the railway between the two cities is about sixty miles shorter than its nominal length. The government has, therefore, paid one-seventh more for the line than it ought to have paid.

The income of the Prince Regent of Prussia is to be £360,000.

HOME MISCELLANY.

ELECTIONEERING SCENES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—A correspondent of the *Pendleton Messenger*, reporting a trip through Spartanburg to North Carolina, gives some illustrations of "election times," which may be interesting and suggestive: "Arrived at the election ground, there was a sight worth seeing. Apple brandy ruled. There were about as many women as men on the ground. This is a peculiar feature in North Carolina gatherings—the women nearly all attend, and it results beneficially sometimes. I once saw a fellow get into a fight at one of those elections, while his wife was along with him. The front yard of the doggery had been gravelled with very coarse gravel. Our hero pulled off his shirt and went in, but was soon made to bite the —gravel. Hero No. 2 jumped on him, but was no sooner on than off, for our first-named hero's wife, gathered a hoop pole, and such a lamming as hero No. 2 got it has not been my fortune to see since. All hands stood off and saw it well done. In approaching the election ground, young men and women could be seen sitting on logs in the woods, eating ginger cakes and drinking cider and brandy. One fellow jumped out of a shanty there where they kept their apple brandy, and swore that he could whip the man that had anything against him. Everybody seemod too drunk to take much notice of him. Two fellows got to scuffling on a large scaffold, and down it came, causing a general row. Some were knocked down by the falling of the scaffold, and, supposing somebody had knocked them down, pitched in promiscuously. I thought it was time for a peaceable man to leave, so I took the road."

STARVING A SNAKE OUT OF A MAN'S STOMACH.—The following singular story is told of a man named Beach, who had swallowed a snake in Michigan: "For the past seventeen years the sufferer has been satisfied that there was a living animal of some kind in his stomach. If he drank liquor the animal would seem to become drunk. This he judged from the fact that it remained perfectly quiet until the effects of the spirits wore off. At times, when he partook of food offensive to the animal, it would become agitated and roll about with a motion which could be felt by placing the hand upon the stomach. Having tried many physicians without being relieved, Beach was induced to apply to a German doctor, who recommended the process of starving the intruder out. This advice was adopted and the patient succeeded in inducing the animal to come up into his throat, but for fear of strangulation he swallowed vinegar and drove it back. For four months means were tried to relieve the man's stomach of its unwelcome guest, and finally, he passed an entire snake, measuring just three feet in length. It was somewhat decomposed, and had evidently lost four or five inches of its tail. Its original size cannot be determined. Its head measured crosswise just one inch and a quarter. Its teeth were about one eighth of an inch long. The man is now doing well, and is in good spirits in consequence of being relieved of his hideous tormentor."

MAN WITH A PETRIFIED WIFE.—A gentleman residing in Rising Sun, Indiana, who had married a second time, wished to remove the body of his wife to a new cemetery. Preparations were made to that effect, and laborers opened the grave in the usual manner; but when they reached the coffin they could not lift it, so great was the weight. After obtaining considerable assistance, however, the men succeeded in raising the coffin from the tomb. They then could not resist the temptation of peering into the coffin and learning the reason for its unusual weight, and found, instead of the remains of a corpse, a stone figure, the exact counterpart of the woman who had died. This strange story soon spread, and hundreds and thousands of persons were present to see the strange spectacle. The husband took the body of his departed spouse home and has it there now, where it is visited by hundreds of the curious and scientific. The body seems to have been petrified, and to have become a perfect stone woman. The probability is that the body has become adipocere, and will before long melt or crumble.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"MUSCLE MEN."—It may not be out of place to remind those of our young men who are longing for the emoluments attendant upon a pugilistic victory, that these gentlemen who follow the "manly art" as a profession generally come to a bad end. The father of Mr. T. Hyer, who enjoyed the distinguished honor of participating in the first ring-fight in the United States, died of too much liquor; Belcher Kay died of too much fight; William Poole died of too much bullet; Paudeen died of too much shot; Yankee Sullivan died of too much Vigilance Committee, and they are continually dropping off, coming to a violent and disgraceful end, unhonored and uncared for. Avoid, therefore, the prize-ring, not merely as actors, but as spectators. Black boots—become an itinerant dealer in tin ware, or a woman's rights lecturer—sell peanuts—study law, or become a local editor, but don't for the sake of yourselves or friends become a pugilist.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR FIRES.—Now that the time is at hand, people cannot be too careful to guard against fire. In winter, fires are to be traced to the use of imperfectly constructed flues, furnace-heaters and stove pipes, and to carelessness in regard to gas lights, lucifer matches, and red hot cinders.

AMERICAN TRADE WITH RUSSIA.—Our Minister to Russia, Mr. Pickens, writes that the increasing settlements and trade in California, and on the Pacific, are bringing us into intercourse with Russian possessions on the Amour River and the Asiatic coast, as well as with their possessions in America. The trade of the Amour River is immense—something like $30,000,000 a year, and growing rapidly. American ships at Cronstadt are more numerous than those of any other nation except Great Britain. Thirteen ships arrived there this season direct from Charleston and New Orleans loaded with cotton, without having touched at Liverpool at all, as has heretofore been the case. The direct trade must increase every year. Manufactures in cotton are increasing immensely about Moscow; and one may see loads of cotton there every day in the street, passing to the railroad for that point.—*Baltimore Daily Exchange.*

HOW THE PRESS IS AFFLICTED BY DEAD HEADS.—Railroads occasionally complain of dead-heading, but no institution suffers so much from it as the press. A sensible writer says: "The press endures the infliction of dead-headism from the pulpit, the bar, and the stage, from corporations, societies, and individuals. It is expected to yield its interests; it is required to give strength to weak institutions, eyes to the blind, clothes to the naked, and bread to the hungry; it is asked to cover up infirmities, hide weakness, and wink at improprieties; it is expected to herald quacks, bolster up dull authors, and flatter the vain; it is, in short, to be all things to all men; and if it looks for pay or reward, it is denounced as mean and sordid. There is no interest under the whole heavens that is expected to give so much to society without pay or thanks as the press."

ANCIENT MINES IN NEBRASKA.—There has been discovered on the Weeping Water, fourteen miles from Nebraska City, what appeared to be the remains of ancient shafts and drifts, dug for mining purposes. The discovery excited some attention at the time, but no efforts were made to investigate the subject. We learn from the Nebraska City *News*, that a company of gentlemen residing in that city armed themselves with shovels and pickaxes, and repaired to the spot, for the purpose of ascertaining further information about these silent vestiges of a past people. They found the trenches to be from twenty to thirty feet wide, and, on making excavations at the bottom, broken rocks were discovered indicating that blasting had been pursued in forming the trenches. The Nebraska *News* thinks that the excavations were made in search of lead.

TRAGEDY IN EARNEST.—The Richmond correspondent of the Petersburg *Express* writes: "An incident at the theatre a few nights ago came very near making a genuine tragedy where only an imitation was designed. Edwin Booth was playing in the last act of 'Macbeth' with thrilling effect—the audience almost frenzied with excitement, rose and applauded the young actor with vociferous cheers;—Macbeth, having lost his sword, seized his dagger with the purpose of finishing Macduff at a single blow, and plunging forward, it flew from his hand, disappeared behind the wings, and passed through the *hat* of an employee who sat there attentively watching the scene on the stage. The idea of a glittering blade in such close proximity to his skull, was anything but pleasing, and the scene-shifter thought it about time to shift his position."

TANNING DEER SKINS.—The method usually practised in preparing deer skins for market is as follows: The skins are placed in a barrel of water with enough ashes to make a weak lye. They remain there until the hair comes off easily with a graining knife, and they are then grained. They are then hung up to dry until hard and flinty, and then they are soaked in rain water with a little soft soap; the water being about blood warm. To dry them wringing is resorted to, and after this process, the wrinkles are pulled out by the hand. They should be next smoked with rotten wood or sawdust, in a long trench for a day or so, the skins being placed loosely in a box or barrel, and again washed in rain water. This process is repeated two or three times and a very well tanned skin is the result.

NEW DISCOVERY OF IRON ORE.—A discovery of immense bodies of iron ore has lately been made in Missouri, not far from the neighborhood of those rich deposites already so widely known in the country as the Iron Mountain and Pilot Knob. The Editor of the Ironton *Furnace* has visited the place of discovery, and says: "The ground upon which it is situated embraces a tract of between eleven and twelve thousand acres, owned by one gentleman, Napoleon Aubuchon, Esq., and has been entered at the Government price within the last three years. It is a sparsely inhabited neighborhood, and until within the last few years was never explored except by hunters, who were ignorant of the use or value of the 'black rock.'"

SMOTHERED IN A CHIMNEY.—A young gentleman residing in the lower part of this city proceeded, half tight, to the apartment of his inamorata, a beautiful young creature, who gave him his walking papers, some weeks before. He could not get in, for the door was locked; nor would he believe that the divine object of his affections was out. So he got a ladder, reared it outside, against the chimney of the apartment, and down he went the flue, where the unfortunate man was smothered, before he could be assisted. That man's passion was a little too ardent. He "loved not wisely, but too well."—*Philadelphia City Item.*

HUNTING A DEER WITH A STEAMBOAT.—Capt. Cole, of the steamer Columbia, on his last trip, when a short distance this side of Point aux Barques, saw a dear in the water about three miles from land. The boat was headed for the animal, and after arriving within a short distance of him was stopped. The deer came near the gangway, and a rope was thrown over his head, by which he was drawn on board in an exhausted state. He was kept alive until the next day, when he regained his strength and activity, and made so much trouble that he was killed and served up to the passengers and crew, who were much gratified with their change in fare.

LAWRENCE, MASS.—This is the second manufacturing town in Massachusetts as regards its population and manufacturing interest. It has the largest cotton mill in the world, covering some sixteen acres of grouud. This city felt the influence of the panic of last winter more than most manufacturing places, and little has been doing there till of late. We learn that all the mills there are in motion now, and that the different companies are not able to supply the demand for their manufacturers. We are glad that this is so, because Lawrence is a beautiful, young, and growing place.—*Workman's Advocate.*

AN INTERESTING RELIC.—We were recently shown by Mr. Timothy McDonald, mate of the bark Damon, lately from Lima, a section of a toe of the Great Pizarro who flourished three centuries ago. Mr. McDonald, with two of his friends, obtained access to the vault of the great Cathedral of Lima, where Pizarro lies embalmed. By liberally feeing their guide they were permitted to take away one of his toes which they divided among them. The body was in a tolerable state of preservation. —*Bangor* (Me.) *Democrat.*

WHAT IT COSTS TO SEE EUROPE.—It is stated that ten thousand eight hundred and seventy passports have been issued since Gen. Cass was appointed Secretary. Allowing each to cover three members of a family, the aggregate made must exceed 32,000. Taking the expenditure to be $1,000 each we find that in this way thirty-two millions have been carried out of the country. This estimate does not include the old passports used, or those procured from the American Legation in the British dominions.—*Washington States.*

REDUCTION OF TELEGRAPHIC RATES.—The public in general will not regret to hear that a considerable reduction on telegraph rates has been made by the Morse line, as follows: Between Washington and Baltimore twenty cents for ten words, and one cent for each additional word; between Washington and Philadelphia thirty cents for ten words, and three cents for each additional word; between Washington and New York fifty cents for ten words, and five cents for each additional word. Reductions are made for intermediate distances.

A FRUITFUL VINE.—Upon a tombstone in the churchyard of the Reformed Dutch Church in Sleepy Hollow, near Tarrytown, is an inscription "in memory of Captain John Buckhout, who departed this life April 10, 1785, aged 103 years, and left behind him when he died 240 children and grandchildren. Also Mary, the wife of John Buckhout, who died August, 1755, aged 73 years." The church itself was erected in 1699, and is one of the oldest churches in the country.

PREPARING TO RECEIVE US.—An officer direct from Paraguay reports that Lopez is preparing effective modes of resistance and defence by building fortifications and obstructing the navigation of the river. He has placed chains and boons across, and proposes sinking light vessels in the channel, in which event our expedition could not ascend. Several Belgian and Hungarian officers are engaged in directing operations.

A WEDDING PARTY BUT NO WEDDING.—The Indianapolis *Journal* relates how a heartless desertion of an expectant bride took place in that city lately. The supper was prepared, the guests came, the lady—a widow—was waiting in her bridal attire, but the expected bridegroom came not. It was afterwards ascertained that he went that very afternoon to Hartford, Indiana, to marry another lady.

SAD NEGLIGENCE.—A woman in Boston locked three children, an infant, one five years old, and another of three in an apartment. The eldest two were found suffocated on her return, having set fire to the bedding, while playing with matches.

Two farmers, neighbors, living in the township of Southfield, in Oakland County, Michigan, had been for some time bitter enemies, so much so that they never spoke but to quarrel, and altercations and even blows were of frequent occurrence between them. A cow belonging to one of the men strayed into a field on the other's farm. The owner of the cow, anticipating trouble, took his gun and loaded it with a very heavy charge of shot, and started to recover the animal. On reaching the premises of his neighbor, the latter met him and forbade him going on to his land. The former persisted in going to the lot where the cow was, when the latter took a club and ordered him off. Some words passed between them, when the owner of the cow deliberately levelled his gun and fired, lodging the contents in the body of the other, killing him almost instantly.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The canary bird which was saved from the wreck of the ill-fated Central America, is dead. He has been stuffed and placed in a glass case for preservation.

Massachusetts requires voters to know how to read and write. Out of thirty applicants of unnaturalized citizens, only two were rejected for not having these qualifications. The greater part of them showed superior attainment in penmanship. Of about the same number of persons born in this country, who have come of age, since the last election, and who have applied to have their names placed on the voting lists, one, a Boston boy, was also rejected from inability to read and write. So inconsiderable an element as these figures show could have but very little influence upon elections, not enough certainly to require a special law to guard against it.

The Penobscot Indians at Old Town, Me., lately erected a tombstone to the memory of John Attian, who was governor and chief of the Penobscots for forty years, and died in May last. The assembled Indians were addressed by the Rev. Father Bapst, who urged upon them the necessity of burying in the grave of their chief all past feuds and differences, and of uniting in the bonds of peace and love, of which he, around whose tomb they stood, had given them so bright an example.

The hardest rap the spirits have received for some time, is the very inconsiderate arrival home in New Bedford last week of a young man who was believed to have been lost in the wrecked bark Wade ten years ago. For a long while his afflicted "governor" has been conversing with him in the spirit land, the last message, through a medium, being to the effect that "he was among the saints, and a crown of glory was awaiting his father?"

The Cincinnati *Gazette* says that the wife of a well known citizen, in relating a painful history of her domestic troubles to the police judge, stated that not a single word of conversation had passed between her and her husband for the past *twenty years!* They have lived in the same house together, and a part of the time dined at the same table, yet not uttered a word to each other for nearly a quarter of a century.

The folly of litigation is shown in a suit brought at Portage, Ohio, by Moses A. Richard *vs.* Worcester Bliss, for damage done to sheep of plaintiff by dog of defendant. The trial just closed was the fourth one of the case by a jury. It occupied four days, and resulted in a verdict of sixty dollars damages for plaintiff. The identity of the dog was the main point in the case. The costs have run up to one thousand dollars!

The Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph* authorizes everybody to say that Georgia has over twelve hundred miles of railroad built and paid for, and yielding to the stockholders more than an average of seven per centum in yearly dividends. Two hundred miles of additional roads are to be added to the present during the coming season.

The total number of votes cast at the California State election of this year, is probably less than 85,000, while last year it was about 100,000, and in 1856, about 110,000. The population of the State had been steadily but slowly gaining from 1856 up to May last, when the Fraser exodus began; since then there has been a loss of about 15,000 votes.

The Boston *Courier* advises the public to be careful to examine the double eagles which are received by them. Some rogues are engaged in filing off the mill from the edges of these coins, thus abstracting about a dollar's worth of gold from each piece. Several have been passed which were more than a dollar short.

The sabre of Peter Francisco was lately on exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair in Richmond, Va. It is now owned by Peter Francisco Pescud. The weapon was used by Francisco in conquering seven British dragoons in the Revolution.

The celebrated trotting horse, Ned Forrest, died lately. He was once the property of General Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, and while in his possession trotted repeatedly a half mile in 1.08 and 1.09, and a mile in harness in 2.26.

The heaviest blow the militia system in Virginia has yet received is recorded by a country paper, which states that a traveler going through the town mistook the military drawn up in line for the *chain gang.*

We see by the California newspapers that the Supreme Court of that State unanimously concur in giving Col. Fremont possession of the Josephine veins on his Mariposa estate.

The Philadelphia omnibuses have reduced the fare to three cents. This is the beginning of a struggle between the passenger railways and the omnibus lines.

The President has commuted the sentence of death against Charles Barret, for the murder of Reeve Lewis, into imprisonment for life in the penitentiary at Washington.

The cost of Major Emory's official report upon the Mexican Boundary Survey will be nearly three times as much as that of all the books in the Astor Library.

The most fraternal feeling exists, and is constantly being displayed, between the people of Canada and the United States. It gives us much pleasure to notice this fact.

The body of a large animal (species not stated) has been found in Lake Superior copper mines, sixty feet below the surface.

Gov. Wise, of Virginnia, was thrown from a carriage recently, sustaining some slight bruises

Genuine *royalty* consists not in great pomp, but in great virtues.

Little and often fills the purse.

NEW YORK TABLET.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,

At the Office, 164 *William Street*,

NEW YORK.

Terms:

Single Copies.....6 cents.
Mail Subscribers per Annum, in advance.....$2 50
Served by Carrier..... 3 00
Five Copies (to one address)..... 8 00
Ten " " 15 00

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If sent separately, 20 cents per copy extra will be charged for writing each subscriber's name on his paper.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. F., Madison, Ind.—The papers for your club have been sent from this office regularly; we have also sent you duplicate copies. Our subscribers may rest satisfied that the fault is not in this office.

"Search after Happinsss," by M. E.—We will examine the manuscript at our earliest leisure.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 20, 1858.

THE ANTI-INTOLERANCE FIASCO.

It is now nearly six years since on a January evening, a vast hall which has since passed into the numberless legions of the things that were, was literally crammed with an immense and excited throng. A vamped-up story of religious persecution in a Catholic land sufficed to collect, a day or two after the rumor reached our shores, the countless multitude. It is so pleasing to the enemies of the Catholic religion to vent their hatred of the antique faith, and make believe they are only moving in the interest of freedom of conscience, that the assembling of the great crowd did not astonish any one. Indeed, even at the present hour, the veriest fabrication would serve to fill the most spacious hall in our city were the Pope, or Catholicity, or a Catholic sovereign, to be protested against. The veriest rumor, brought by the veriest "Tartar," of the arrest of an English political agent like the Madiai gentleman, would draw a motley crowd of believers of the most diverse beliefs, and unbelievers of all the different grades of unbelief, which would fill the Academy of Music as it has never yet been filled on the first appearance of a Piccolomini or on the grand rally-night of some political party. Reverse the order of things, however. Let the persecuted be Catholics and the persecutors, Protestants, "of the only really Protestant country in the world," and you will have a very beggarly account of empty boxes—or pews, as the case may be. This, notwithstanding magnificent promises to the contrary: for on that January evening, not quite six years ago, it was solemnly promised that whenever Catholics should be persecuted in a Protestant country those liberal-minded individuals who took part in that memorable Madiai manifestation would muster in equal number to protest against the wrong.

A meeting to sympathize with the Swedish women who were expelled by the Government of that "only really Protestant country," Sweden, was lately held in this city. The expulsion took place seven months ago, and the meeting convened on last Thursday week. The Madiai sympathizers forgot all about their promise, for even with the additional inducements of an opportunity of subscribing for the Anythingarian Chapel in Paris, of having a good Protestant growl at the Pope about the Mortara boy, and of protesting in favor of the kindred sect of Baptists, there could only be gathered into the Dutch Reformed Church, on the corner of Fourth street and Lafayette Place, two hundred and thirty-nine individuals, less a liberal discount for newspaper reporters, idlers, curious persons who like to see what is going on, and young men who, not having paid their board bills, are excluded from the general stove and obliged to go somewhere to keep themselves warm until bed-time.

The meeting, of course, opened with a prayer which, if not the most edifying, was not the least instructive part of the proceedings. Delightfully pharisaical was that so-called prayer, Spurgeonically said; it confessed that the Protestants were not altogether without sin in the persecution line, but it complacently pointed out what, without reliable evidence, it charitably supposed to be the much more heinous sins of Publican neighbors. It begged that the prayers might not be persecuted and they would persecute no one—no "not *even* Romanists."

The first resolution declared that the meeting was composed of Protestants of the various denominations of the city of New York; but if the meeting were divided by the number of these denominations, it would not give to each one the twentieth part of a representative. The resolution went on to state that the Protestants of New York—somewhat less largely represented than the people of England by the three immortal tailors—had heard "with much regret" that several persons had been banished from Sweden for having embraced the Catholic religion. The second resolution declared that the meeting had heard "with much sorrow" that those who had left the Lutheran State Church and become Baptists had also been expelled from the "only really Protestant country in the world." The other resolutions expressed sympathy with the Evangelical Alliance and approved a memorial which is to be signed by the President and Secretary of the meeting, and forwarded to the King of Sweden. We must say *en passant* that this proceeding looks like cheating King Oscar in the dark; why not give the various Protestant denominations an opportunity of signing the petition, and then King Oscar could judge from the number of signatures whether the document merited the royal attention? From the attendance at the meeting it is evident that an incredible amount of names could be procured.

As the minds of the small audience could not bear a very long strain, on the subject of Swedish intolerance, some variations on the theme of the American Chapel in Paris were executed. It was shown to be a most admirable institution; the style of religion adopted therein was of such a gutta percha nature, that it would be found to suit anybody and everybody, from the Belgravian heretic to the latest arrival in Paris from the city of the Great Salt Lake. After being refreshed by this interlude, the delicate gathering was thought to have regained sufficient strength to support a certain amount of ponderous Protestant oratory. A pious lawyer—(hail Columbia! happy land, where the lawyers and the parsons lie down together)—whose poverty of eloquence is supposed to be made up for by his wealth of research, bending under the crushing weight of the only too prematurely withered and thoroughly drenched telegraphic laurels of self and brother—the author of a celebrated family despatch—did that portion of the entertainment. We were allied in blood, he said, to the men of the nation where persecution "was complained of." He drew an interesting family picture of a group of Swedish emigrants with their poor dog Tray (minus any caudal superfluity) bound for the land of Brigham—we beg pardon—the speaker said the land of the West. Sweden was the only truly Protestant country in the world; England and America had fallen away from the doctrines of the Reformation; Sweden alone was orthodox according to the apostate monk of Wittenburg. We have no hesitation in believing the assertion; the proof of it was before the meeting. It was astonishing that so free a country as Sweden could have such despotic laws! Here we must also agree with the speaker; it is rather astounding to see a "free" country with "despotic" laws. The all but eloquent advocate concluded by saying that when Sweden wiped off the stain on her character, she would present one of the most interesting spectacles among the nations of Northern Europe. She presents a highly interesting spectacle as it is, as all will be convinced by reading the instructive letters of Mr. Bayard Taylor on that highly moral and "truly Protestant" land.

The any-religion-you-like-or-don't-like American chapel in Paris, and its being built in the exact spot from which France could be the most readily Protestantized, furnished more attractive matter for the rest of the evening, and after unanimously voting the resolutions, the small but select few, including the reporters and others mentioned above, separated and sought their respective homes.

Thus did the Madiai sympathizers keep their promise, and thus ended the Protestant anti-intolerance fiasco.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

Accounts from Russia, received from time to time, speak of the workings of a mighty revolution in that empire — a revolution, too, thoroughly peaceful, and more comprehensive in its designs than any which modern history records. It is no less than the liberation of twenty-two millions of serfs, a population equal to the number of white inhabitants in this country, and superior by some millions to that of England.

When we come to contemplate the magnitude of this reform, inaugurated and mainly carried on by the present Emperor, the bickerings of petty states and the quarrels of great ones fade into insignificance. Such a mass of human beings who heretofore have toiled on drearily from cradle to grave, with no incentive to ambition, no inducement to industry, and no stimulant to invention, raised at once to the dignity and responsibility of free citizens, will produce results almost incalculable. On Russia herself the effects will, no doubt, be of the highest benefit. The encroachments of that northern Colossus, from the days of Peter to those of Nicholas, have been subjects of fear and astonishment to Western Europe, but this great moral victory of Right over Wrong, throws all his merely physical conquests into the shade, and sends a thrill of real pleasure through the hearts of every lover of good government. In carrying out this grand scheme of emancipation, it is said, the Emperor has met with some opposition from the landholders, who fear the decay of their barbaric splendor, but in the gratitude of the people, and the increasing prosperity of the trading classes, Alexander will find ample counterpoise, and posterity will yet place his name foremost in the annals of the House of Romanoff. Perhaps the best commentary on the happy fruits of such a measure and the augmentation of political power resulting from it, is to be found in the denunciations of the English Press, whose unqualified hostility to Russia is proverbial.

In another point of view this stroke of Russian policy is very suggestive. It is the death-blow of Feudalism, that system which for centuries prevailed over Europe.

Our readers need scarcely be told that on the destruction of the Roman Empire, its northern enemies, who spread themselves from the marshes of Saxony to the deserts of Africa, introduced a new system of government known to us as Feudalism. It was essentially a military organization. The successful general having won the soil by the sword, parcelled it out to his officers, and they in return subdivided it among their soldiers, the chief condition of tenure in all cases being the readiness of the tenants to draw their weapons in their lord's defence and attend at his court. Disdaining the humbler employments of husbandry, the hardy barbarians reduced the vanquished to the condition of bondmen, attached them to the land and compelled them to work for their benefit. For the soldier there was no trade but war and no pleasure but such as the rude dissipation of a mediæval court presented. Such was the origin of European aristocracy. Its worst features were to be found in England and Northern France, where civilization, being at a low ebb, had little influence on the conquerors; for, in the Italian and Spanish peninsulas, the people of the Latin race, in time and by the force of their innate refinement, more than half subdued their masters.

The first shock which tore asunder this net-work of oppression was the Crusades. They called from the castle and the court to more worthy scenes, the iron-handed ruler, who, to procure an outfit for Palestine, was always willing to barter his lands and waive his privileges. The civil wars in England and France, the conquest and reconquest of Spain, the growth of free cities in Italy, were all events which tended to lessen the power of the landholders and elevate the commercial classes. The genius of Da Gama and Columbus, the sagacity of Richelieu, and the parsimony of Henry VII., though from different causes, contributed much to the same end, and though we are accustomed to hear that Cromwell and the French Revolutionists of '89 destroyed Feudalism in England and France, it was but the shadow of the giant they warred with; the substance had vanished. Nor must we overlook the all-pervading influence of the Church in the liberation of an enslaved people. Ever mindful of the temporal as well as the spiritual good of her children, her power was always exerted in their behalf. Her most terrible anathemas were launched fearlessly against those who abused power, no matter how kingly their station or how wide their influence. She took her ministers from among the veriest serfs, educated them, and clothing them with the sanctity of ordination, sent them forth amid courtiers and nobility to preach justice and reprove vice. There is perhaps no fact in history so undeniably true as that the Catholic Church waged a perpetual war against feudal bondage.

It was but natural that the sterile and ice-bound North should be the last to warm under the rays of the new civilization, and even in our own time some of the most repulsive traits of the feudalism of the middle ages were to be found in Austria and Hungary. Guided by an enlightened philanthropy, the present Emperor of Austria signalized his advent to power by manumitting all the serfs in his dominions, and now Alexander of Russia, actuated no doubt by equally creditable motives and not uninfluenced by the necessities of the times, prepares to wash out the stain of servitude from his escutcheon.

THE EXECUTION OF ROGERS AND ITS LESSONS.

The wretched boy who, in a drunken fit, murdered an unoffending man who was returning to his home with his wife upon his arm, paid the penalty of his crime on the morning of Friday, the 12th inst. Strenuous efforts had been made to obtain for him an extension of the Executive clemency, but all appeals found the Governor of the State inflexible. The public papers announce that two leading politicians from New York went expressly to Albany, the day before the execution, to plead for the condemned youth. Their unsuccess furnishes the first lesson which the execution of Rogers may teach to all those who wish to learn. The reckless and hardened boys of Rogers' age who knock down and maim respectable and peaceable citizens at the polls on election day, who tear down booths and seize upon ballot-boxes in the interest of professional politicians, may learn from it that if they wet their dirk-knives in innocent blood, there is a bare possibility that their masters may not be able to save them from the gallows.

The second lesson is an old and long unheeded one, and we suppose this new reading of it will also go unheeded by many. It is addressed to youth in general, and it points out to them, whatever may be their pristine innocence, or their confidence in their own virtue, what may be their fate if, through weakness or carelessness, they allow them-

selves to get into the habit of frequenting bad company. They have heedlessly read in their school books, the truth: "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" let them read it now in the hand-writing of Justice, and let them not forget it. They cannot with impunity frequent the vicious; the penalty of such frequentation is the gradual abrasion of their moral sense, and they fall by little and little until some day they wake up from a drunken debauch in a prison-cell, with the blood of a fellow creature on their hands. Bad company it was that drove Rogers to his untimely and disgraceful end; but a few weeks before his arrest he came from the country an innocent and ignorant boy. His evil associates put him on the path to the gallows and made the road a short one for him.

The third lesson has a universal application. Drunkenness is the fruitful mother of crime. He who indulges in this hideous and beastly vice, knows not the moment when he may stand charged with the committal of a capital crime. Numberless are also the examples by which this lesson has been enforced unavailingly, and many will, no doubt, close their eyes and ears to the present one, but one of their drunken fits may have such an awakening as that of Rodgers.

OUR HOSPITALITY TO THE STRANGER.

The enthusiasm of but too many emigrants for what they have looked upon as the home of the oppressed, must be sadly diminished after their first three weeks' experience of how the oppressed are received in the land of the free. An Irishwoman, who lately arrived in this country, was cared for by some of the officials at Castle Garden, who took charge of two or three trunks in which were her clothes and two hundred and forty sovereigns. She received checks for the trunks, and after some difficulty got those which contained her clothes, but that in which the sovereigns were she could not obtain. She repeatedly demanded it, and, eventually the check representing it was taken from her and she was turned out of the office. She determined to have recourse to the law and, miraculous to state, the law did not treat her as it has treated too many others. She obtained damages to the amount of one thousand dollars against the Commissioners of Emigration. She may certainly consider herself lucky.

A Scotchman, his wife and two children, a girl of seventeen and a boy, two years younger, arrived here from Scotland some ten days since. They landed from the emigrant ship at Castle Garden, but while they were landing some miserable wretches who would not be too severely punished by passing the remainder of their depraved existence in the State Prison, kidnapped the young girl and her brother. The Harbor Police were made acquainted with the fact, and after a diligent search, they were found in a den of evil repute in the lower part of the city.

Having discovered the house to which the young emigrants were taken, it would not have been a very difficult matter, we presume, to find out by whom they were brought there. The inmates of the den should have been arrested and made discover the wretches who thus lie in wait, on our docks, to seize the innocent and unsuspecting emigrant, and, stifling her cries, to plunge her into an abode of infamy.

Is it not a fearful thought that such a fate awaits the pure and virtuous who bring their honest industry to our shores? Is it not enough to make the city authorities blush—if they were not past blushing long ago—that such crimes can be committed at noon day in the most populous part of this great city and the perpetrators of them go unpunished, either through the carelessness or the complicity of the police?

The new Catholic Church at Sing Sing, N. Y., will be dedicated next Sunday, 21st inst. The ceremony of dedication will be performed by his Grace the Archbishop.

AFRAID OF THE GREEN.

The bovine race, in general, are known to have a horror of all the various hues of crimson, but our trans-Atlantic cousin who is the typical representative of that race among the nations, differs from the genus in which some forgotten Linnœus has classified him, inasmuch as green, in all its hues, is his especial abhorrence. Not only is the oriental color unpleasant to his sight but the mere mention of its name sets his teeth on edge and puts his poor nerves out of order. As the Trojans feared their Grecian enemies even when these were bearing gifts, so John Bull dreads a green uniform even when it covers the most pacific intentions.

He never likes, however, to show that he is afraid, and always endeavors to find a means of covering his trepidation. So he does not allege his distaste for the verdant shade, as an excuse for not receiving in that portion of the United Kingdom called Ireland, the family visit of the 69th Regiment of our N. Y. State Militia, the coats of which regiment happen to be of the, to him, unpleasant hue. He suddenly discovers that there exists in the western portion of the Island, a very wide-spread system of secret societies, and that an influx of citizen soldiers, clad in American green, would, under the circumstances, be attended by the most disastrous results. We cannot say that John's conduct surprises us, but we certainly expected a less clumsy excuse. We know, whatever he may say to the contrary through the mouths of his diplomatists in after dinner speeches, that he has a decided distaste for Yankee notions, and this last affair shows conclusively that they are rendered still more abhorrent to him when they are hid undera green coat. Decidedly John's afraid.

OUR MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE.

At home again.—Visit to Portland, Me.—The city and its harbor.—Its public buildings.—The Irish in Portland.—Their position.—The Catholic Church.—Singing at the Cathedral.—A new Cathedral in progress.—The new cemetery.—Wharf for the "Great Eastern."—The Puritan graveyard.—Tombs of the officers of the "Boxer" and "Enterprise."—A nautical epitaph.

Montreal, Nov. 13th, 1858.

Safe again under the tutelage of our household gods after an absence of several weeks, we can look back like the mariner on the track of our course, and at leisure analyze our "notes of travel" for the benefit of those many readers to whom the place of our recent sojourn is still *terra incognita*. On our way to St. John, New Brunswick, we spent some days very pleasantly at Portland, rambling about over those rocky heights, which, projecting into the great ocean, form the extreme abutments, as it were, of a mighty continent. We stood on the elevated spot celebrated in comic song as the *ultimatum* of that fabled and undefined region in Yankee parlance, styled "away down East," and amid all the awful grandeur of the scene, and the sublime emotions which filled our soul, we could not help thinking of the "man in Indiana", who, taking his "bundle in his hand," set out on a pilgrimage to the misty region "away down East," nor stopped till he buried himself and his yet unsatisfied curiosity in "the deep sea wave" out beyond his *ultima thule*. So true it is that the ridiculous and the sublime are often closely connected in our strangely-constituted minds.

The situation of Portland cannot fail to secure it a high commercial position amongst the cities of the American sea-board. Its harbor is large, safe and commodious. It is almost completely land-locked and sheltered by the lofty, and, in many places, precipitous heights from which the fair city looks down on her subject waters. The entire expanse of the noble Bay is studded with islands, some of them of considerable extent, and from the midst of their shady bosoms rise some of the principal public buildings of Portland, such as the Marine Hospital, the State Reformatory School, and others of lesser note. The city itself is seated on a rocky peninsula, connected with the mainland by the narrowest possible isthmus, not more, it would seem, than a few yards wide. The grandeur of such a sight, with its numerous advantages for trade and commerce, may readily be imagined, and, judging by the numerous factories, not less than the busy bustling air of the population, there seems to be no lack of energy or enterprize amongst the citizens. The aspect of the city is fine, especially viewed from the water, but its picturesque neatness can never rise into grandeur so long as wood is the only material used in building. A *wooden* city may be pretty, even handsome—for wood is after all far more susceptible of decoration than more solid substances—but it will deprave the name of *grand* or *stately*, for grandeur is inseparably associated with the idea of strength and durability. Portland is, however, a pleasant city to live in, and to a stranger, there is much of interest unfolding itself at every turn of its little angular, triangular, and rectangular streets, composed of the prettiest and neatest dwellings, even the humblest enriched and ornamented with a parterre or a grass-plot fronting on the street. There are many private residences of great beauty, decorated within and without in the purest style of modern art, their grounds a miracle of taste and comfort. To be a commercial and manufacturing city, Portland is remarkably quiet in its domestic aspect, owing chiefly to the retired, shady look of the houses, embosomed for the most part in cool green foliage—green even when we saw it in early Autumn. There is no denying that Portland is still essentially a Puritan city, to which cause we think we must attribute the evidently inferior position of the Irish Catholics who, notwithstanding their numbers, and their general respectability of character, (considering that they are chiefly of the working classes,) have little or no visible hold on the city. We can hardly account for this, even on the above conjecture, but the fact struck us painfully, for we like to see our hard-working and laborious people having something to shew for their year-long toil besides "the bit they eat and the rag they wear," to borrow their own homely phrase. But though their own individual lot be lowly, the Irish of Portland have done and are doing much for the interests of religion. They compose the great bulk of the Catholics of the city, and have consequently done nearly all that has been done in raising the fabric of the Church. Much, however, is owing to the energy and perseverance of their good Bishop who has done more with the means at his command than one could readily believe. In the few years that he has been in Portland, he has built a handsome episcopal residence with a spacious chapel adjoining, which at present answers the purpose of a Cathedral. The buildings are of brick, and the interior decoration of the chapel is in excellent taste. The altar, after a design of Pugin's, was presented to Bishop Bacon for his cathedral by his former congregation in Brooklyn. We were present at High Mass and Vespers in the episcopal chapel, on both which occasions the music was admirable. The choir is a very effective one, led by two accomplished artists, Miss Harkin and Mr. Wheeler. For years long we have heard no sacred music more to our liking than we did in Portland, and we congratulate our friends there in having so efficient a choir, which certainly contributes much to the grandeur and solemnity of Divine Service. The Bishop has also purchased the ground for a cathedral, the foundations of which are already laid. I think he will have to look beyond his own diocese for aid in erecting a suitable edifice—if he do, it will be for the first time. A fine lot of ground has been secured for a Catholic cemetery, and much pains have been taken to drain and otherwise improve it.

Besides the Bishop's Chapel there is another church, under the invocation of St. Dominick, and both have crowded congregations. Even at Vespers the attendance was as numerous as at High Mass, a fact which speaks largely for the piety of the people.

Amongst the sights to be seen at Portland is now the wharf prepared for the *Great Eastern*—the mammoth Humbug, I think, would be the more fitting name. I fear it will be long before she casts her anchor in American waters. It would be almost as easy, to all appearance, to set one of the Pyramids afloat on the ocean as this same Leviathan, which may be called the "South Sea (or *Atlantic*) Bubble" of the age.

Much more interesting to me was an old Puritan graveyard of Portland's elder day. "There the fathers of the *city* sleep," their ashes now undisturbed even by the accession of kindred dust, for Portland, like all other cities, having declared against intermural interment, has her places of sepulture "out of doors." The earliest date on the tombs is 1710, and there are few which date so far back, so that there is little of historic interest in the place, with the exception of the tombs of some English and American officers who either fell in the sea-fight between the British brig *Boxer* and the American brig *Enterprise*, or died of the wounds received on that occasion. By a melancholy coincidence, the commanders on both sides lost their lives, and were buried side by side on the bleak hill-side overlooking Portland Bay, amongst the grave elders and deacons whose ways were ways of peace. Strange company does death bring together! Another American officer, Lieutenant Waters, who died a few days after, rests on the opposite side of the English captain, whose death-sleep is doubtless none the less sound for that he lies between two of his gallant foes. In another corner of the old cemetery, we saw a good and rather curious specimen of the nautical epitaph—it runs as follows:

"*God's noblest work, an honest man.*"
Moor'd from the storms of life
Here rest the remains of
Capt. Daniel Bragdon,
Whose spirit death summoned aloft,
On the 16th April, 1819,
After a voyage of 54 years.

Hibernica.

"Old Joe's" Indictments.—Poor old Joe Blunt's funny indictments against the Mayor and Municipality of 1857 for an attempt to defraud the city, by leasing portions of the municipal property to a Catholic institution, have met the fate which we prophesied for them in our last. They have all been quashed except one, and in that case the indicted ex-official insistes upon being tried. He has we suppose his own reasons for insisting on a trial, but his devotion strikes us as being almost if not entirely needless.

Death of a Priest.—We regret to announce the death of the Rev. James Reynolds. The sad event occurred on Wednesday, the 27th ult., at Stamford, Conn., of which place he was lately the Pastor. The Rev. gentleman spent, in all, twenty-three years on the mission, nineteen of which he labored in the diocese of Ardagh, Ireland, and four in America. His funeral was attended by a large number of the clergy of the diocese of Hartford, and a great concourse of the people, who gave evident tokens of grief for the loss of their respected Pastor. His health began to fail in the early part of the past summer, and declined gradually until the day of his death. *Requiescat in pace.*

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Wanted—Agents in every city and town in the Union to sell our Books and canvass for the Tablet. A small capital of twenty to thirty dollars is all that is required. As our Books are all the fast-selling popular works, good honest, industrious men can make well by them. We will give them a first-rate chance. None but persons who can come well recommended need apply.

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☞ Agents and others will oblige us by strictly following the above rules. *We will admit of no deviation from them.*

Mr. Michael Falvey will call on our subscribers in Ohio and Indiana during the present month. He will be in Dunkirk, Erie, Cleveland, Toledo, and Sandusky, next week.

Mr. J. W. Malarky will visit New Haven and adjacent towns this and following weeks, canvassing and collecting for the Tablet.

The undersigned would most respectfully inform the Right Rev. Bishops, the Rev. Clergy, the heads of Religious Institutions, and the Catholic public generally, that they are prepared to supply them on the most liberal terms, with all the Catholic publications of this country, as well as those of Europe. They have Missals and Breviaries at various prices; Bibles in Latin, English, French and Spanish, at from $1 to $25; also the Life of the Blessed Virgin, Life of Christ; and Lives of the Saints, illustrated and bound in the most superb style. Prayer Books of all sizes, at prices varying from 25 cents to $25. They also publish the Christian Brothers' series of School Books. A liberal discount to the trade, the Clergy, and religious institutions. Particular attention given to orders from Library Societies, for which any books ordered will be procured at the most reasonable terms.

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Literature.

HAND BOOK OF STANDARD OR AMERICAN PHONOGRAPHER. New York: ANDREW J. GRAHAM, Author and Publisher.

This work is an elaborate exposition of a system of phonetic shorthand, which is regarded by those fully competent to judge as a great improvement upon the Old or English Phonography, especially for reporting purposes. By very clear and full explanation, by ample illustration, and by other valuable and novel features—among which is a series of carefully prepared questions on the text—the Hand Book is fully suited to the wants of the schoolroom, and eminently adapted to the purposes of self-instruction. In this respect Mr. Graham's book secures a valuable advantage for the large number of persons who, though desiring to avail themselves of the important benefits of the rapidly-spreading art of Phonography, have found the old text-books insufficient in many respects to convey an adequate knowledge of the desired art. We advise our readers who wish to learn phonography to secure this work—which, while it does an honor to its author, becomes the most valuable assistant to the cause of phonography.

THE RACCOLTA: A Collection of Indulgenced Prayers. By AMBROSE ST. JOHN, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, Birmingham. New York: D. & J. SADLIER & Co.

This is a most valuable addition to the many devotional works, which, of late years, have been given to the faithful. It contains all the *indulged* forms of prayer, with the special indulgences attached to each, noting the time when and by whom the indulgences were accorded, thus forming in itself a useful history on this interesting subject. It is, moreover, the *only* translation of the work, we believe, in English which has ever borne the special approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff. His formal sanction, together with the approval of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and that of the illustrious Archbishop of New York, will, we are sure, commend it to the faithful everywhere.—*Metropolitan.*

THE LIFE OF GERALD GRIFFIN. By his Brother. New York: D. & J. SADLIER & Co.

Gerald Griffin's name is warmly cherished by his countrymen. The notices of him which have appeared have expressed deep, earnest, and sincere attachment for him as a man, and the highest admiration of his genius. His letters have supplied abundant materials for a biography, and the present volume will prove to all who have any acquaintance with Gerald Griffin's writings, most interesting.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

Migne has added two more to his list of theological dictionaries, a *Dictionary of Christian Mysticism* and a *Dictionary of Protestantism.*

RECEIVED—from D. Appleton & Co., BLONDE AND BRUNETTE, and CORNELL'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY.

[For the N. Y. TABLET.]

HOPE EVER.

On reading "*An Adieu*" in the TABLET of Oct. 23d.

Lone "Exile of Erin!" thy sorrow is winging
Its way to my heart, like some fugitive bird;
And by the sweet sadness that breathes in thy singing,
The slumbering depths of my spirit are stirred.

Yet the ties that are rent have not wholly bereft thee
Of all the bright gifts that to Erin belong;
The light of her Faith, and her harp they have left thee,
To shed o'er thy spirit the solace of song.

We have seen the young flowers that in autumn have perished,
Recalled to our paths by the voices of Spring;
So, the flowers of the heart, we so sacredly cherished,
And lent to decay, other Summers may bring.

Each sigh may be echoed beyond the wide ocean,
And others, fond heart! may be sharing thy tears;
Yet who "sow" them to-day, with a patient devotion,
Shall "reap in the joy" of Eternity's years!

Not desolate all, while an angel from Heaven
Is guiding thy bark o'er Life's buffeting waves;—
And when, 'mid the tempest, the wisdom was given,
To look to the Cross for the succor that saves.

Not "broken in heart," while the sister or brother
Responds to the tones of that mournful "adieu,"
Nor lost, the winged thoughts to that grave of a mother,
Bequeathed to the cares of the tender and true.

Ah, slight not the lesson thy sire-land is giving:—
Through ages of trial to smile upon pain:
Be strong for her sake—till the life thou art living
Is crowned with the sunshine of gladness again!

Dear Island of Saints! o'er a deluge of sorrow,
The tear-woven rainbow is seen in thy skies;—
A sign, whence the children of martyrs should borrow
Sweet hope, till the day-star of Freedom arise.

MARIE.

THE ART OF SUFFERING.

[*Translated from the French of* J. T. DE SAINT GERMAIN *for the* N. Y. TABLET.]

Measuring, on the one hand, all the horror of past misery; seeing, on the other, charity and civilization, under the banner of Christianity, alleviating, consoling the ills inherent to our nature, and successively ameliorating the condition of the suffering classes, we will have perhaps more courage to bear a portion of these ills; we will perhaps have more respect for that antique social edifice which innovators consider so unstable, and which they are continually threatening to upturn by the popular breath, to substitute for it the dreams of their diseased imaginations. Those who suffer are always eager to listen to the promises of prosperity, and the ignorance of the times gives considerable strength to the spirit of evil.

The wise Montaigne, from whose writings I have often read you extracts, wrote the following judicious words: "Mutation is to be feared in everything, but especially in what concerns human institutions, which, the more they grow older and conceal from us the traces of their origin, the more they acquire of strength and veritable credit."

But who cares about the past, and who feels any anxiety about the future? We must enjoy life and make a fortune as rapidly as possible. *There*, is really the fruitful source of a greater ill than all those which threaten human nature.

Is not human life a struggle in which good and evil dispute the possession of our souls? The soul knows how to distinguish between virtue and vice and to give to each its true name; but evil attracts it, and seduces it: *I see what is good and I approve it*, says an ancient writer, *yet I imitate what is bad.** Thence, certain grief and uncertain pleasure, hard work and troubled rest, reality full of misery, and false joy devoid of happiness.

It is easy to understand into what weaknes s and discouragement, minds without a faith must fall, at the sight of so much suffering and so much unpunished crime. *So much darkness after so many trials!* Yes, this is really the secret of the revolt of the man without faith against the ills of our human condition, against the order and the laws of the universe. But for you, who have drank at the pure fountain of truth, the cloud is rent, and the light shines forth. What is written must be accomplished: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth out of which thou wast taken, for dust thou art and into dust thou shalt return."

He who contests the absolute and inevitable existence of misfortune in this world, commits a double fault; he irritates his brethren against each other, for men mutually attribute to each other the ills from which they suffer, and they live then only for envy and resentment. In the second place, he who claims *justice* in this world circumscribes our destiny in the narrow circle of our existence, and places in doubt a future life and a remunerative Providence.

"But we look," says St. Peter, "for new heavens and a new earth, according to his promise; in which justice dwelleth."†

Hear the avowal of a great poet‡ who calls himself expert in suffering:

"There are, after all, but two philosophies in the world: the philosophy of pleasure and the philosophy of pain; the philosophy of sensuality and the philosophy of devotion. The philosophy of pain, sanctioned by acceptance and consoled by hope, is the philosophy of Christianity.

"Man is an ephemeral insect, born of darkness and pain, to die some day in pain and darkness. During a few revolutions round the sun he gnaws at the envelope of the little globe to which he is attached, and then returns to it, to fecundate that envelope with his dust. . . .

"He knows eternity, space, time, science, happiness, only by name. He is but a sensitive and pain-feeling point in creation. His greatest woe is to be ignorant of himself. His whole nature seems in contradiction with the goodness of that Creator, whom he is obliged, by his reason, to believe infinitely good. He endeavors to explain this contradiction which is only apparent. He thinks, he conjectures, he imagines, he concludes. And what does he conclude? That all is mystery!"

* . . . . . Video meliora, proboque,
Peteriora sequor.
OVID.

† Novos cœlos et novam terram secundam promissa Ipsius expectamus, in quibus justitia habitat.

‡ Lamartine.

But to us, Christians, God has given the key of this *mystery*. Faith sends its vivid light through the darkness, unveils to us the infinite perspectives of hope, and fills our hearts with the pure joys of charity. In human destiny good and evil have an uncertain and variable share. Man can, of course, increase good and lessen evil: such is the end of his existence, and should be the constant object of his efforts; but, I say to you, on this land of exile, man cannot vanquish and destroy evil, for, according to the divine will, evil is necessary. The Saviour gave us this great precept in leaving us the remembrance of his sufferings.

If this testimony does not suffice, if you still doubt, lose yourself in the problems which it is not given to humanity to solve. See the miserable nations, in the savage state, scarcely knowing good from evil, torturing and destroying one another. See them ameliorating their condition by civilization, and combatting evil by good. A happy security protects their families, the public wealth is augmented, the increase of population gives the measure of the prosperity of the State—until an excessive population becomes the scourge of empires, and misfortune gets back all its rights.

"Alas!" says Chateaubriand, "miserable insects that we are, buzzing around a cup of gall into which a few drops of honey have fallen by chance, we devour each other when, by our number, we lack space. Through a misfortune greater still, the more we are multiplied, the wider must be the field that is craved by our desires. Of this space which ever diminishes and these passions which increase incessantly, terrible revolutions must sooner or later be the result."

The man who at present lives only through a desire for *prosperity*, knows how to create for himself insatiable wants, more intense and more exacting than the limited necessities of our nature, and to satisfy his sensual wants and his fleeting passions, he sacrifices his immortal soul.

Every age has produced a powerful idea which guided the mass towards a noble goal, towards a common interest. It seems as if our refined civilization had narrowed our minds and made our hearts degenerate. Where are the noble sentiments which could captivate the crowd at present? One only idea carries them away—the dominant idea, the moral malady of our century—the necessity of enjoyment, the unbridled passion of happiness.

This thirst for happiness, this aspiration which cannot find its satisfaction in this world, is like the mirage which misleads the traveller and makes him sink down with lassitude and discouragement, when, as evening comes on, he discovers his fatal error. It is the most persistent, the most inveterate passion, and, at the same time, the most sterile. It is the most dissolving element of civilizations in decay.

The tare and the thistle multiply in uncultivated or exhausted ground, interlace inextricable roots and stifle all good seed. Thus every just and honest feeling, all tender, gentle, beautiful and true sentiments, are stifled and annihilated by this need of possessing, this passion of enjoying. Law is important to repress unbridled passions; good and evil justice and injustice, become for the apostle of happiness, words void of meaning. Human justice may yet frighten the weak and chastise the guilty; but can neither convince perverted minds, nor bring them back to virtue.

What must be then the marvellous power of that holy religion which grows greater in the midst of this abasement, which soars above all these weaknesses, which preserves as a sacred deposit the tradition of the great divine and moral truths, which lights a torch in the midst of this darkness, which showers on this selfish world, and on those frozen hearts, the inexhaustible treasures of sacrifice and devotion, the pure flame of charity and love? Friends, brothers, ever look towards that light. Follow that shining star, it points out to you the right way and will lead you to the port of safety.

Happiness is barren and has produced us nothing. Suffering has given us everything, and its very fecundity proves its necessity and the reason of its existence. Since Christ, the Divine Master of suffering, see whence come all grand ideas, all noble characters.

Among those who have pursued, at any price, this mad dream of happiness, you will find men who have become celebrated, by their ambition, their excesses, their follies, their vices, and their crimes; but among those who have sacrificed to suffering, you will find all the heroes of humanity, the illustrious poets and writers, the men of learning, the inventors, the intrepid warriors, the honest and irreproachable magistrates. Would you ask them if they have been happy? Then ask Joan of Arc what recompense she received for having listened to the divine voice. Ask the humble priest who aids and consoles the afflicted, and who watches by the bed of the dying, if he expects his reward from you. Ask the Sister of Charity who has exchanged her liberty for a black habit, and who goes far away to succor the plague-stricken and to shroud the dead, if she seeks happiness in this world. Ask the missionary who pours forth the divine word, with his blood, among the savages; the soldier who watches on the rampart; the sailor who seeks in the sky a star to guide him; the miner who languishes in the abysses of the earth—ask it of all those who follow the law of duty.

Prosperity blunts the faculties, and even the simplest instincts; misfortune, danger, grief, necessity provoke thought and sharpen reflection. The fox—to take an example from the lowest order of beings—the fox, pursued by the hunter, succeeds in giving to his instinct the power of thought, and baffles and places at fault, man's intelligence. The hen, in the quiet poultry-yard, is remarkable for her timidity, but if her instinct be excited by the task of raising a numerous brood, which nature has imposed on her, if, though already exhausted, she finds an enemy in some bird of prey who threatens her young ones, the timid creature is transformed by the influence of affliction—of the greatest affliction a mother can know; she, who, under any other circumstances, would think only of flight, boldly awaits an enemy twenty times stronger than herself, and so great is her courage that the weak vanquishes the strong.

But if you sacrifice to suffering and to duty look not to this world for the reward of your good deeds. Self-devotion, which has received its recompense, has already lost half its merit: "*I have loved justice and hated iniquity*, says the sage, *wherefore I shall die in exile.*

We read in the Holy Book these prophetic and terrible words: "But all things are kept uncertain for the time to come; because all things equally happen to the just and to the wicked, to the good and to the evil, to the clean and to the unclean, to him that offereth victims, and to him that despiseth sacrifices. As the good is, so also is the sinner; as the perjured, so he also that sweareth truth. This is a very great evil among all things that are done under the sun, that the same things happen to all men; wh ereby also the hearts of the children of men are filled with evil, and with contempt while they live; and afterwards they shall be brought down to hell."

It is also written: "The tree which produceth not good fruit shall be cut down and cast into the fire." But it is not in this world that this menace of divine justice is to be carried out. Look at that barren and useless tree—it is as yet uninjured, while this one, bending under the weight of excellent fruit, is covered with the marks of stones thrown at it by the passers by.

An Indian proverb says that the sandal-tree, when it is cut down, covers with perfumes the axe that strikes it; thus should the Christian bear the attacks of fate—thus should the innocent fall before the oppressor.

"Nothing shows the extent of one's virtue better than adversity," says the Imitation of Christ. But if it be said that adversity tries man, would it not be as just to say that suffering instructs man and that happiness tries him? He who has resisted the pressure of adversity, often yields to the intoxication of prosperity.

The poet Petrarch, himself a victim of misfortune, feared none the less the perils of prosperity. In the fourteenth century, he wrote a book entitled: *A Remedy against both fortunes.*

O supreme bliss, thou art the same
As grief intense—the difference, a name!

The world, which does not believe in suffering, says to its pupil: "Try to excel, to win fortune; you must leave the vulgar crowd and try to obtain a position at any price." The philosopher, who thinks himself wiser, prudently says to his disciple: "Why waste your life in pursuing fortune? Enjoy without delay; observe moderation, preserve your gaiety and unconcern: gentle emotions sustain life and are to it as a mild breath to the flame. Fierce passions and gnawing cares are two sources of suffering which wisdom keeps away." He who thinks himself wise thus makes a little world for himself. "Let us join to our family," he says, "a few persons whose dispositions are

amiable, and whose tastes are simple, and our universe will be peopled."

In this manner they have tried to reveal the secret of happiness and to place it at the disposal of exclusive minds. We allow that by enjoying without delay, by keeping away the worm of care and shutting ourselves up in our indifference as in an ark of safety, far from the tempests which howl upon humanity, we may succeed, in certain exceptional conditions, in attaining to an enviable degree of comfort; but is this the true destiny of man? In order to make this sort of happiness complete, we must close our eyes and ears, and, above all, our hearts, to the harrowing wail of misfortune.

"I am a man," says a pagan writer, "and nought that is human can be indifferent to me." This beautiful moral sentiment is like a presentiment of Christianity. It should be practised, particularly by those who have received the divine gift of the Gospel.

Accept life, then, not for its ephemeral pleasures, not in despite of its sorrows, but for its sufferings themselves, since it is to these salutary sufferings it owes its nobleness, since it is through them that fructifying thought and generous inclinations are produced, increased, and multiplied. Suffering, which is none other than duty, only seems intolerable to feeble minds. The ancients used the same word to express *virtue* and *courage*.

It would not be practising the art of suffering to allow ourselves to be cast down by melancholy, or to let the marks of it be seen by those whose support we are, by those to whom we owe the example and the encouragement of fortitude. Montaigne, the great master of common sense, thus understood it, and he says: "I am among the most exempt from that passion, and neither love nor respect it, although the world has undertaken, as if at a stated price, to honor it with especial favor; they bedeck wisdom, virtue, conscientiousness, with this ridiculous and unsightly ornament."

"Look upon it," says Cicero, whose mind was expanded, elevated to the highest degree, and whose superiority is shown above all in his contempt of suffering; "look upon it as the object most worthy of admiration. I would consider it still more worthy, if, far from all spectators, it only seeks to be pleasing to itself. There is nothing so praiseworthy as that which is done without ostentation and without witnesses." These thoughts are grand and noble; they astonish us when we reflect that they come from a man upon whom the light of Christianity had not shone. But what lustre Cicero would have given to that thought, had he considered suffering effacing itself before self-devotion, before charity, before the necessity of being useful!

(To be continued.)

OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENCE.

Tom Moore's statue in College Green; what it is like, and what the public think of it.—The Lord Lieutenant "perpetrates" matrimony for the third time.—Rumored marriage of Col. Brown.—Dedication of a church.—Catholic publication.—Legal rumors.—Action against a magistrate in connection with the case of the Cormacks.—Health of the Archbishop of Dublin. The Mayor of Melbourne visits Dublin.—Bankruptcy in the bookselling and publishing business.—Projected Transatlantic Packet Station at Foynes.

DUBLIN, Oct. 29th, 1858.

In College Green stands the lately erected bronze statue of Tom Moore, the Poet, which, as a work o art, is productive of considerable annoyance to the tasteful and sensitive Dublin public. I have no hesitation in writing that it is about as ungainly an effigy as you ever beheld, standing on the ugliest and clumsiest stone pedestal that ever was chiselled. The statue and the pedestal are the subjects of ridicule everywhere. Comic singers at the saloons introduce facetious verses about them—the "gods" at the theatre inquire each night "who built the Boorish Testimonial?" and are down upon it terribly—in fact nobody is pleased with it. The Poet is represented with a lyre in his hand, and his head bent forward, the intention of the artist being to convey to the mind of the spectator that he (the Poet, not the artist) is catching, or waiting for, inspiration. Charitable people may be disposed to give the artist credit for his intention; but it must be confessed that instead of creating this impression it unfortunately happens that the mind of the spectator is at once seized with the very unpoetical idea that "the Poet of all Circles," &c., is suffering from some painful eruption on the back of his neck, which compels him to incline his head forward to prevent pressure on the tender part by the cloak which is thrown over his shoulders. His legs have massive proportions, and his feet are cased in capacious boots. Altogether, anything so unlike the graceful and lively "Thomas Little" could not be conceived. How striking is the likeness of the Bard may be gathered from the circumstance that shortly after the statue was erected an apple woman from some distant part of the city came that way, and seeing it for the first time, exclaimed admiringly, "Ah, poor Dan! God rest your sowl—'tis you was the fine man!" When on the day of its inauguration by Lord Carlisle, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the green cloth which concealed it from public vision was withdrawn, the assembled multitude was struck dumb with surprise, and it was several minutes before they could accomplish a faint cheer. The statue is from a design by an Irish artist named Moore. Somebody has suggested that there should be inscribed on the pedestal the words, "Oh! Blame not the Bard." The citizens have, however, drawn some consolation from a rumor that a few spirited individuals have resolved at their own expense to supersede this statue by one that will instantly represent Tom Moore. I have heard it seriously stated that if the present ungainly lump of bronze is not removed very soon from the public gaze, it will most certainly be blown up with gunpowder, or otherwise demolished some dark night by a band of determined conspirators, who have pledged themselves not to rest until it is removed by fair means or by foul. It was erected by public subscription, and I can assure you the public is exceedingly wroth at the way in which its money has been laid out. Poor Hogan, the sculptor, offered a design for the statue, but the design by Moore was taken in preference (the result of a "job" it is said), and this circumstance so affected Hogan, who was then in delicate health, as to very much accelerate his death.

His Excellency the Earl of Eglinton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is about to "perpetrate" matrimony for the third time. The noble widower will take another wife unto himself on Tuesday morning next at the Chapel Royal, Dublin Castle. His Excellency's last partner departed this life several years ago, and the lady whom he is now about to make Lady Eglinton, is the amiable and accomplished daughter (every young lady who marries now-a-days is amiable and accomplished) of the Earl of Essex. The truth must out even in the case of Viceroys. It must be confessed, that his Excellency's "dancing days are over:" he is no longer the dashing chivalrous young nobleman who was so fond of Tournaments long ago—what is left of his hair is grey—he wants several of his teeth, and he is generally "in the sear and yellow leaf." Nevertheless he is a lively nobleman for his years. If he cannot turn a sentence, or quote so fully from the Poets as the graceful Carlisle, our late Viceroy, nor trip so lightly and with such a will over the ball room floor to the music of the dance, as that popular nobleman, he can beat the picked man of a garrison at rackets' or use a cricket-bat as effectively as young two-and-twenty. To sum up, his Excellency stands about five feet six inches in his boots, and in general appearance, with his grey beard and moustache, is not unlike a sea captain. I have not enjoyed the felicity of looking on his affianced bride; rumor, however, says that she is young and "passing fair." It is said that a large number of guests have been bidden to the marriage feast, and that the festivities consequent on the happy event will be carried out on a grand scale.

Apropos of matrimonial matters and elderly bridegrooms, I may mention that Colonel Brown, lately a Commissioner of the Dublin Police, whose name figured so prominently in connection with the Trinity College riot, is about to marry a very young lady residing at Kingstown. The gallant Colonel celebrated his seventieth birthday half-a-dozen years ago. He was married in early life to a sister of the celebrated Mrs. Hemans.

The dedication of the Church of St. James the Apostle, at Charlestown, is announced to take place on the 3d of November. The ceremony will be performed by the Right Rev. Dr. Durcan, Bishop of Achonry.

A work entitled "Christian Classics for the use of Catholic Colleges and Schools, being extracts from the Historians, Fathers, and other writers of the Church," edited by George W. Abraham, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, has just been published by Mr. Duffy, of Wellington Quay.

With the approach of the opening of "Term," which commences on the 2d of November, legal rumors wake up as if from a long sleep during the drowsy summer vacation. Amongst those now floating about, one is to the effect that Mr. James Whiteside, her Majesty's Attorney-General for Ireland, is becoming exceedingly nervous lest the unhealthy existence of the Tory government should be suddenly brought to a termination before he is provided for—which means before he obtains a seat on the Bench. So forcibly, it is said, has he placed the possibility of such a catastrophe before his party, that the present Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, who, though an exceedingly old man, does not exhibit any symptoms of being about to go to a better world, has been induced to resign his seat and retire on full pension in favor of the Attorney-General. If the Right Hon. gentleman should get this appointment he will be the most *unique* and ungainly chief that ever sat in the Court of Queen's Bench, or in any other court. He measures about six feet two inches, and he exhibits about as much symmetry of form as a tongs.

A civil action arising out of the murder of Mr. Ellis in the county Tipperary, for which the brothers Cormack were executed, has just been tried. The plaintiff was a young girl about twelve years of age and the defendant was Mr. Gore Jones, the resident magistrate for the North Riding of Tipperary. Mr. Ellis, it will be remembered, was shot on his car, when on his way home from the Templemore Railway Station. The police in the neighborhood of the gentleman's residence had directions, it appears, from the authorities to patrol the roads when Mr. Ellis was expected to be out, as there were several reasons to suspect that he was not a favorite with the people. They did not patrol on the night of the murder, in consequence of a report emanating from the plaintiff in this action, who was in Mr. Ellis' employment at the time, that he would not be coming home that night. The girl who stated that she had heard one of three men in Mr. Ellis' yard say this, was brought before the defendant, and questioned as to the names of the persons whom she heard make the statements in reference to Mr. Ellis. She refused to answer, and she was kept in custody for a considerable time, and eventually liberated, having refused to make any statement. She now brought an action against the magistrate for false imprisonment. The jury found a verdict for her, giving her sixpence damages.

The gratifying intelligence has been received in town, through a private source, that his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has made great progress towards complete restoration to health since his arrival at Rome. It is said that his Grace will make a lengthened stay in the Eternal City.

The Mayor of Melbourne, one Mr. Jas. T. Smith, M. L. A., who, as you have learned, I dare say, from the English papers, has been "starring" it in London, and who had received there rather unenviable, notoriety in consequence of having been publicly claimed as a relative by a poor female member of the numerous family of Smith, has done our city the honor of visiting it. I don't profess to know what the three letters affixed to his worship's name stand for: I have merely written them down as I found them in the "fashionable intelligence." Mr. Smith may be a very good and amiable man in his way, but there is little doubt from the manner in which he has been puffing himself in the newspapers, and deporting himself generally since he came to the British Isles, that he belongs to the *genus Humbug*. His worship had the honor of "feeding" with the Lord Lieutenant on Tuesday last.

The firm of Madden and Oldham, Booksellers and Publishers, Grafton street, in this city, has become bankrupt. This establishment, which had been in existence for several years, was one of the principal Church of England houses in Dublin.

A meeting of the gentry of the county of Limerick was held yesterday (Thursday) in the Town Hall of Limerick, for the purpose of considering the propriety of taking steps to have a Transatlantic Packet Station established at Foynes. The Mayor of Limerick presided over the meeting, which was numerously attended. There was a good deal of talk about the peculiar advantages which Foynes possesses over any other western port, eminently qualifying it for a Transatlantic Packet Station. Resolutions were passed expressive of the feeling of the meeting, that government should be called on to establish a Packet Station at Foynes, and to rescind the late postal contract with the Cunard Company in favor of the contemplated Foynes Line.

DUBLINER.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

John Bright's speech at Birmingham.—His views unchanged.—His plan of electoral reform.—The question taking hold of the people's mind.—Necessity of the Ministry bringing in some measure of reform.—Its provisions a matter of life or death to them.—Meetings through the country.—Meeting at Westminster.—Resolutions.—Prince Alfred's hornpipe.—'Old Salt" flunkeyism.—Spurgeon sick.—An oily letter.—India.—The Bishop of Oxford hissed.—Strange hallucination of his lordship with regard to toleration in England.

LONDON, 29th October, 1858.

John Bright is certainly one of the ablest as he is one of the honestest and boldest of England's public men. I believe also that he is one of the most powerful. The combined influence of a number of prominent members may exceed the combined influence which Mr. Bright may be able to bring to bear on the Government of the country—though I am by no means sure that they can—but no one man individually represents more potent influences than he. Those even who do not agree with him in all his views, admire the bold and straightforward conduct of the man through his parliamentary career, and his untruckling spirit, whether the prejudice brought against him was popular or aristocratic. The conduct of the Manchester men in repudiating their old, tried and faithful representative, for his opposition to that lavish and useless expenditure of blood and money—the Eastern war—has been looked upon only with feelings of intense contempt even by those who, by interest and associations, are opposed to Mr. Bright, his doctrines and the party he represents; and the conduct of the men of Birmingham offering the representation of their great city to the unflinching Quaker member is worthy of all commendation. The late illness of Mr. Bright made his appearance among his constituents, on last Wednesday, an occasion of more than ordinary interest. While the men of Birmingham wished by their demonstration to testify their joy at the restoration to health and active service of their representative, the country looked with great interest to the expected speech of the member for Birmingham, considering it as the declaration of faith of the Liberal party. In his speech, however, Mr. Bright has enumerated no principle with which he was not before identified. Of course, one of the most prominent topics in his discourse—a discourse, by the way, couched in that simple and natural eloquence which strikes to the very core of the great popular heart—was Parliamentary Reform. He dwelt on the fact, which the people of this country themselves alone seem to ignore that the great mass of them are excluded from representation, and that millions of "free" Englishmen are ruled by not more than one million of their countrymen, who owe their superiority—not to intelligence or acquirements, but to the fact of their possessing property to a certain amount. Mr. Bright also pointed out the defects which exist in the system of distribution of representatives, and advocates the formation of electoral districts instead of boroughs, cities, or counties. He has no objection to universal suffrage, but were he to propose a measure, he would ask that all persons paying rates should have voices in the election of members of the lower House.

This electoral reform movement is more and more engrossing the attention of the people throughout all portions of the country, and meetings are being held everywhere with a view to the agitation of the subject. The popular interest in this subject makes it imperative on the government to bring in, during the coming session, a measure of reform. If they do not present such a scheme as the people will think acceptable, if not satisfactory, their governing days in the land will not be long. A very numerously attended meeting was held on Tuesday in Westminster. The gathering was in consequence of a call from the Council of the Reform League. The resolutions passed unanimously at that meeting represent the spirit of those passed at all the Reform meetings throughout the country. It was declared to be the opinion of the meeting that the time has fully come when the franchise should be extended to every man of full age and sound mind, unconvicted of crime, and who has his place of residence duly registered, and that this should be made the essential principle of the New Reform Bill; that a more equal appointment of representatives to population is essential to any new measure, so that the wealth and intelligence of the towns and cities of the kingdom may not be swamped by a small minority of the population; that to prevent bribery and to secure the free and independent exercise of the franchise, it is desirable that all votes should be taken by ballot. The Septennial Act was declared highly injurious, and the meeting considered that to secure greater responsibility on the part of members to the constituencies, the duration of Parliaments should not exceed three years at the utmost.

Prince Alfred has joined his ship. He was accompanied to Spithead by his father and the Prince of Wales. When the train reached Newcastle, the band of some regiment stationed there played some Scotch airs, and while the Royal train was changing engines the "sailor prince" indulged in a species of saltatory exercise, supposed, why I know not, to be of a nautical character, and called a hornpipe. It seems that excellence in this particular walk—*dance* would be more correct, I suppose—of saltatorial science, is a sign of the capabilities of its possessor to attain eminence in the naval profession, for some "old salts," who were present, declared that the boy had the makings of a good sailor in him I cannot help that the aforesaid "old salts" had the making of excellent flunkies in them.

Spurgeon is sick, very sick, and the attack comes not from one of his own kidney, but from both of his kidneys. He has written a letter to his "beretherin" couched in a vein of more than Chadband oiliness. It can only be read through the nose.

From India there is nothing except the report of a victory in Oude, in which one thousand of the insurgents are said to have been destroyed, and an announcement of an intended attack on the Gwalior contingent. The Government organ denies the fact of the creation of any new bishoprics in India. Indeed such a measure would be more than a farce, it would be a piece of madness.

The Bishop of Oxford has been the object of no very complimentary demonstrations at meetings which he has of late attended. The opponents of the confessional are unsparing in their hisses whenever the worthy dignitary appears. At a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel held at Bradford last Friday, he was received with the usual unpleasant demonstrations, which were also introduced at every pause he made in his discourse. The Bishop declared that the true, honest doctrine of toleration is understood at present in England—though how he could have the courage to say so, notwithstanding the evidence of his eyes and ears, rather astonishes me. As a further proof of the truth of the poor bishop's assertion, I must state that the Mayor of Bradford had subsequently to interfere for the preservation of order.

W.

The Spanish Government intends to order an increase in the importation into Spain of the tobacco of the Philippine Islands, and to diminish the importation of the Virginia and Kentucky kinds.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The various Socialist and Protestant organs on the Mortara affair.—Portugal submits to France.—Strange conduct of the English Foreign Office.—The assassination of the Spanish and French officials in Morocco not confirmed.—Death of an editor.—A new work by Emile de Girardin.—Leon Beauvallet's puppets.—The Abbe Chapdelaine.

PARIS, October 21st, 1858.

The Mortara affair has been a lucky windfall to some of our city journals. The Socialist, Philippist, and *soi-disant* republican organs have not many opportunities of giving way to their inclinations in the way of journalism, and publishing fierce denunciations of, and generally calumnious fabrications with regard to those who differ from them in opinion. The fact of their being obliged to sign their names to their articles, and of their being subject to prosecution for the publication of false intelligence, takes away the best part of their occupation. They fill their columns usually with discussions on historical points which are but of little interest to their readers. An opportunity then of inveighing against the Catholic religion is a piece of good fortune to them. It affords them a subject which is easily treated and requires only fierce denunciation couched in high-sounding words. It allows them an opportunity of rousing up the blood of their readers, rendered stagnant by the usual description of intellectual food which is given them. It is not to be wondered then that the Socialist *Presse*, the mock-republican *Siecle*, and the Protestant, Philippist and Guizotic *Debats*, should jump with delight at so splendid a subject. Their columns are daily filled with attacks on the Pope and Catholicity, and the *Univers*, the able journal of Mr. Louis Veuillot, is the butt of many an onslaught. These partizan papers, I need not tell you, conduct the controversy, if I may dignify their rhapsodies by such a name, in a most unfair spirit, and take care to present the case in the falsest possible light. This of course was to be expected. The facts of the affair are, however, that it has made very little noise in Bologna, and we are indebted to the Piedmontese radicals for the sensation which has been produced in certain classes here. The Piedmontese journals of course give their own account, which is totally adverse from that of the Italian papers, the *Osservatore* of Bologna and others. The latest news is that the father has consented to an arrangement by which the child will be brought up in the Catholic religion at the expense of his Holiness Pope Pius.

Portugal, seeing that England was about to abandon her to her fate, has given up the *Charles-Georges*, liberated the captain, and consented to pay an indemnity. Some curious stories are in circulation with regard to the action of the English department of Foreign Affairs in this question. A promise is said to have been made to Portugal to send the British fleet to the Tagus, but it was to be sent by a round-about way so that it would not arrive there until the presence of the *Austerlitz* and the *Donawerth* had frightened the Lisbon Cabinet into compliance with the demands of France.

The reported assassination of the French and Spanish vice-consuls at Tetuan, in Morocco, a town of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, not far from the Straits of Gibraltar, is not confirmed.

M. Henri Cauvain, Advocate in the Imperial Court of Paris, and one of the principal editors of the semi-official journal, the *Constitutionnel*, whose loss will be felt both in the legal tribunal and in the editorial office of the paper with which he was connected and to which he communicated some of the most remarkable articles which have appeared in its columns for some time past, died during the past week. A solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul, on Friday last, in the Church of the Madelaine.

There is considerable talk in literary circles about a new work which, it is confidently stated, will be shortly published here, by M. Emile de Girardin. It will contain Mr. Girardin's experience as a journalist, which, I need not say, has exceeded that of any living member of the profession and of most of those who have passed away. The work is looked for eagerly as M. de Girardin is considered to be the very type of the genus journalist in the 19th century.

Mr. Leon Beauvallet, who has acquired a certain notoriety by publishing his impressions of your country in a trashy and slangy work entitled: *Rachel in America*, has hit upon a good idea in the amusement line. He intends getting up a puppet-show on the Boulevard de Sebastopol; the puppets will be moving portraits of the principal actors in this city, and persons behind the scenes will imitate the voices of the different artists. The idea, as you will perceive, does not lack originality.

The *Semaine Religeuse* announces that the Abbe Chapdelaine who died a martyr to the faith in China has been proclaimed venerable by his Holiness Pius the Ninth.

We have received the first three Nos. of the *Evening Herald*, an evening paper published at St. John, N. B., by Edward Willis, Editor and Proprietor. The editor in his inaugural says: "Of our politics we make no vain, rash and corpulent promises. We profess Liberalism. How far it will differ or coincide with the Liberalism of the day 'time and our own pen will by and by develope.'"

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Political mutations.—The Chicago DAILY HERALD *and the Catholics of that City.—The* UNION *on the foreign vote.—Senator Hammond's speech.—The Richmond* SOUTH *and the Washington* STATES *to be fused.—Movements of Mr. Douglas.—Arrival of Gen. Shields.*

WASHINGTON, November 12th, 1858.

When the present head of the Executive was a candidate for the position he occupies, he represented the great Catholic principle that the sovereign, or ruler of the people, held his power only in trust for the benefit of the governed, or, in other words, the people, who are the source of political power, elevated Mr. Buchanan to the presidency by the lever of popular sovereignty. The Catholics of the United States—native and adopted citizens—voted for this principle in his person with scarcely an exception, but, when he had attained the presidency, he abandoned the principle and sought to engraft on the Democratic platform the worst species of Federalism, or arbitrary power, by changing his policy, and in trying to coerce the people into the adoption of doctrines contrary to their judgment and convictions. One of the instruments which have been recently used to carry into effect the views of the Executive in this respect is the Chicago *Daily Herald*, which, in accounting for the small vote—about two hundred—that the Administration party polled out of fifteen thousand in that city at the last election, uses the following language towards the Catholic people, as if they were the slaves and serfs of party:

"The fact having become known on the eve of the election, that the entire Catholic vote of this city, notwithstanding professions to the contrary, would be thrown for Douglas, the National Democrats became exasperated at such wholesale treachery, and despite of all the efforts that could be made to prevent it, they voted *en masse* for the Republican candidates as the most effectual way of defeating Douglas."

The owner or writer of the paper that publishes the foregoing is United States Marshal for that district, and who was appointed to fill the place of Mr. Davidson, a friend of Douglas, removed for that cause. The funds for the establishment of the *Herald* were collected from the office-holdors here.

Parallel with this the *Union* a week or two since expressed great surprise at what it terms the "foreign vote" having gone for the enemy, but it forgot to look at the multitude of Know-Nothing appointments as one of the causes of this change, which its employers have been making weekly in the public departments. Nay, its scissors editor—first assistant clerk of the House of Representatives, as I have before informed you—went as far as he could with his Know-Nothing proclivities, by removing two Irishmen from the engine room of the House, where they were employed at $1 25 per day, and gave their places to two negroes at $50 each per month.

Another mutation in party politics is found in the declaration of Senator Hammond of South Carolina, in his late speech at Barnwell, in that State. There he has solemnly and distinctly asserted that the Lecompton Constitution was a "*cheat*" and "*fraud*," and he knew it to be so at the time he voted for it, but he had to go with the South on that question.

And as if this evidence of the instability of politicians was not enough to convince us of its truth, the editor of the Richmond *South*, Roger H. Pryor, and who has been very severe all along on Douglas for his Lecompton policy, has united his fortunes to those of Mayor Heiss of the *States*—a Douglas man—and rumor has it that both gentlemen intend starting a Douglas journal here.

The "little giant" will arrive here on the 4th of December next. His friends are making extensive preparations to give him a warm reception. I learn they have applied to Governor Wise to deliver the address when he gets here. I doubt if the Governor will do it, though he is one of Mr. Douglas' warmest friends.

General Shields arrived here last evening, and looks well.

SIGMA.

The St. Augustine Literary Association held a public meeting on Tuesday evening, Nov. 9, in the Catholic Schoolroom, Rosevelt street. The exercises consisted of a Debate, Lecture, Essays, Recitations, &c., all of which were gone through with in a very satisfactory manner, and the audience seemed highly pleased, if the frequent applause with which each speaker was greeted was any criterion to judge by. The Society meets every week, and is in a very flourishing condition.

The Rev. J. O'Donevan, D. D., will preach at St. Peter's Church, New Brighton, Staten Island, on next Sunday, at eleven o'clock, A.M. A collection will be taken up, the proceeds of which will be for the benefit of the Church. The reputation of the Rev. gentleman is a guarantee that the collection will be a respectable one.

We have received the first number of a new paper entitled the *Perth Amboy Journal*, published at Perth Amboy, N. J., and edited by Charles A. Hunter. So far as we can judge from the first number, the *Journal* seems to be conducted and edited with ability and a fairness towards Catholics, which we do not always find in our cotemporaries.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

Some eighteen months since a wealthy farmer of Kentucky, living near Campbellsville, was murdered and robbed of between $5,000 and $6,000 by parties who entered his house at midnight, and accomplished the double deed while he was soundly sleeping in his bed. Mr. Simpson was wealthy and highly respectable, and of course the cowardly murder caused a great excitement in his community. Soon after the guilty culprits were discovered and arrested, and an attempt was made by the populace to hang them, which was frustrated. Afterwards they were taken from the jail at Russellville, to that at Greensburg, where they were lodged in jail, but the mob broke open the jail. On entering they found one of the men had committed suicide. The others were hung by the mob.

Elizabeth Carr, one of the victims to the murderous assault of young Gouldy, died on Sunday morning from the effects of her injuries. She was one of the two domestics who was wounded, and it was supposed that her wounds were comparatively slight, but on Saturday an alarming change for the worst took place, and death soon ensued. Johanna Murphy, the other servant, is rapidly improving, and her recovery is confidently expected. Mr. Gouldy is still in a precarious situation; at times he is rational and inquires for his son, who, he supposes, is in prison. Nathaniel is rapidly recovering, as is also Mrs. Gouldy, but Charles, the youngest son, will probably sink under his wounds. Coroner Hills has been notified and will probably hold an inquest upon the body of Elizabeth Carr to-day.

We learn from Washington that the return of Gen. Paez to Venezuela will probably be delayed somewhat, owing to the naval authorities not being able to get a steamer in readiness at the time originally decided upon. The Secretary of the Navy, however, has arranged matters so as to insure the arrival of the General in Venezuela in time to take part in the elections there in December, as he is exceedingly desirous of participating in that important event.

We learn from Havana that the Spanish fleet, expected daily, will unite with the English in maintaining the independence of Nicaragua, and that no fillibustering will be permitted. The stock of sugar at Havana and Matanzas is about 102,000 boxes. Trade is very dull, and there are no orders on hand either from Europe or the United States.

Snow fell at Troy on Saturday, and Sunday was decidedly the coldest day of the season we had in this city. It commenced snowing here on Monday, and conitnued nearly all day, but melted as fast as it fell.

ROME.—A letter from Rome, dated October 20th, says: "The weather continues so uninterruptedly fine, that the birds of passage remain still fluttering about the country. The first northeast wind, however, will bring them here, like a flight of woodcocks. Many have dropt in, but not to hibernate probably. Amongst those may be noticed a few members of the English Parliament, Serjeant Shee, Mr. Maguire, &c. The former gentleman is said to be combining business with pleasure, having a Chancery commission in hands respecting the Doria Pamphili claims. Mr. Baddeley, with Mr. Williams, is also here, on a professional visit, to take evidence affecting the Shrewsbury property; as is also a legal gentleman on the side opposing. Mr. Maguire is resuming his researches with a view to a new edition of his work on Rome. He is treated with much distinction as the *Chevalier* Maguire, and has ready access to the institutons. It is understood that he will suppress portions of his former details, and confine his work entirely to personal observations and experiences. This will much enhance the value of his work. From Rome he proceeds to Naples, for a somewhat similar purpose. The evidences that he will thus collect of the real state of things in 'these two rotrogressive kingdoms,' will be of weight, whether produced in a book, or uttered in the House; and we trust that he will display the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Archbishop Cullen has taken up his residence at the Irish College. The air of Rome is said to agree with his Grace, and it is whispered that high honors are in store for him. His Holiness has left for Castel Gandolfo, and it is expected that he will pay a visit to the Sanctuary of Ganazzana, in the neighborhood of Palestrina. The Duke and Duchess of Modena were received by the Holy Father, last week, and remain here. I must not omit to add, that besides promotion to the College of Cardinals, popular rumor confers upon Archbishop Cullen the distinction of succeeding Cardinal Mai as Librarian at the Vatican."

TO ADVERTISERS.—The TABLET is acknowledged to be the best Catholic paper on this Continent, and has by far the largest circulation of any paper of its class, throughout the United States, Canada and the British Provinces. Merchants, manufacturers, inventors and all those who most particularly address themselves to families, should bear this in mind. The TABLET is the best medium for bringing their articles before the Catholic public of America.

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The splendid Cathedrals of Europe were erected and endowed mainly by the princely munificence of "*Crowned Heads.*" The great and imposing Cathedral to be erected in New York will be built by "*Heads to be hereafter crowned.*" The People, the great body of the Catholic Community of every class and condition, will fully render their pious offerings on this great occasion. Here is an effort from a business gentleman which warmly commends itself to the attention of Catholics. Arthur Donnelly, the extensive Carpet Dealer at No. 98 Bowery, in this city, has generously offered to set apart one per cent. of the gross amount of his sales for the ensuing year, to be devoted to this great design. No doubt every Catholic Family in this city and its vicinity will render their aid in making his sales as numerous and as profitable as possible. nov6 tf

NEW YORK MARKETS.

ASHES—The market is easier for Pots; sales of 25 bbls. at $5 93¾, and 20 bbls. Pearls at $6.

COTTON—The market for lots on the spot, to spinners, is rather better, but generally prices are drooping, and the demand lacks activity; sales of 1,800 bales.

COFFEE—There is no change; sales of 267 bags Maracaibo at 11@11½c.

DYEWOODS are a little more animate; sales of 12 tons Lima Wood at $100, cash; 6 tons Brazelleto at $35@$45, cash, and 30 days; 80 tons, slightly damaged, St. Domingo Logwood at $12 50, cash, and 70 tons Jamaica do. on private terms.

DRUGS AND DYES—Soda Ash has been in good request; sales of 375 tons, to arrive, have been made on terms we did not learn; sales of 75 bags Flour Sulphur at 3½c., and 200 kegs Bicarb Soda at 4¼c.

FISH—The stock of most kinds is very light, and prices rule firmly; the demand, consequently, for the moment, is limited.

FRUITS—Raisins are a little more active; sales of 500 boxes Layers at $2 40@$2 45; 600 boxes Bunch, 500 half do., and 1,000 qtrs. do. at $1 5@$2 5, and 62½@65c. Dried Fruits are steady; sales of 4,500 lbs. Southern Apples at 7c.; 4,000 lbs. State do. at 7½@8c.; 5,000 lbs. Southern Peaches at 14@17c.

HIDES—There is a fair demand; sales of 7,000 San Juan at 21c., 6 months, rejecting bad; 2,800 Port-au-Platte at 18½c., 6 months; 1,000 Buenos Ayres 26c.; 800 Cordova on private terms.

HAY—A good demand for shipping, and the market is firm; sales of 1,800 bales at 45@50c. ℔ 100 lbs.

HOPS are still quiet and nominal at 10@14c. for 1858's, and 4@6c. for 1857's.

INDIGO is rather quiet; sales of 16 cases Manilla at 45c.

LEAD—We note a sale of 31 tons Remelted at $5 31.

MOLASSES—Small sales of foreign were made; sales of 22 hhds. sour Cuba at 20c., and 60 hhds. sweet do. at 24c.

RICE—We hear of sales of 230 tcs. at $3@$3 75 ℔ 100 lbs., as to quality.

SKINS—In Goat we do not learn of any further transactions, but prices are sustained. Deer are quiet, if we except Bolivar, of which some 12,000 lb. have been sold on terms we did not learn.

SPELTER is in limited request at 5¾@6c. 6 months.

SHOT sell slowly at 6@6½c., nett cash, for Drop and Buck.

SEEDS—A fair demand for Clover Seed, and the market is firm; sales of 150 bush. at 9¾@10c.; Timothy Seed is in good request, and is firmly held; sales of 500 bush. at $2 37½ ℔ bush. of 46 lb. Rough Flax Seed is quiet at $1 65@$1 70 ℔ bush. of 56 lb. Calcutta Linseed is in moderate request at the decline; sales of 3,000 pockets on the spot at $1 65 ℔ bush., cash. The late advices from London report a large movement there extending to 42,000 qrs. (336,000 bush.)

SUGARS continue steady, but very quiet; sales of 200 hhds. Cuba at 6¾@7c, and 110 hhds. Porto Rico at 7⅛@8¼c.; also, 600 boxes Havana on private terms.

SPICES—The market is generally quiet; prices are steady; sales of 500 mats Cassia at 23c.

SALT—A sale was made of 2,500 bush. Turk's Island, per Æolus, on private terms.

SPIRITS—Alcohol commands 44@50c.; New England Rum 31@32c.; American Brandy, Gin and Pure Spirits sell at 30c., all time prices.

TIN—Block Tin continues quiet, and prices are nominally unchanged. Plates are also dull and heavy; sales of 500 boxes ¼d X at $9 25, 6 months.

TEAS—A small catalogue was offered at auction, and was nearly all sold. The Greens showed a sustained market; Blacks were 2@3c. higher. At private sale an active demand prevails, at full auction rates.

TOBACCO—The demand is good for Cigar Leaf, and prices are firm; sales of 43 hhds. Kentucky at 11@12c.; 400 bales Havana at 35@42c.; 122 cases Seed Leaf at 7@8c.; 32 cases Florida at 18@25c., and 1,200 bales Gibara, for export, on private terms.

TALLOW—The demand for prime is fair, and the market is firm; sales of 17,000 lb. at 10c., cash.

WHISKEY—The market is firm; sales of 30 bbls. at 22½c., and 80 bbls. at 23c.

WOOL—Sales last week 230,000 lbs. fleece at full prices; 80,000 lbs. pulled at 34@35c., and 250 bales Buenos Ayres low grades at 9@12c.; 300 bales Velegria and other African wools at 17@18c., on time, and 600 bales California at private terms. The market is firm, with a better demand.

POST OFFICE NOTICES.

NOTICE.—The Mails for California and South Pacific coast, per U. S. Steamer MOSES TAYLOR, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 20th day of November, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

NOTICE.—The Mails for Europe, via Liverpool, per Steamer KANGAROO will close at this Office on SATURDAY, the 20th day of November, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

NOTICE.—On and after MONDAY, November 1, the Eastern mail, by railroad, will close at 1½, P. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

The Irish Jaunting Car.

Composed by VALENTINE VOUSDEN.

f

Do you want a car your honor? Och sure that's the one for you, It's an

p

out-side I-rish jaun-ting car, Just pain-ted green and blue, It be-longs to Lar-ry Doo-lan, and you'll have to tra-vel, far, To

find a bet-ter dri-ver of an I-rish jaunt-ing car, The fare is fif-teen pence but as the

dis-tance is not far, I'll just say one and three pence ma'am so jump up-on the car.

2 If you want to drive round Dublin, sure you'll find me on the stand;
I'll take you to *Raheny*, to pick cockles on the strand,
To the *Phœnix Park*, to *Nancy Hands*, the *Monument*, and then
I'll take you to the *Strawberry Beds*, and back to town again,
Get some bread and beef and porter and some whiskey in a jar—
That's the way to take your pleasure on an Irish Jaunting Car.

3 Oh, then, if that car should speak, Sir, sure a moral 'twould disclose
It has carried Whigs and Tories, Repealers and their foes;
Yet it looks well by *obliging all*— and keeps me better far,
With my whip, my pipe, my pony, and my Irish Jaunting Car.
So if you want to hire me, call into Mr. Mahar,
And he'll send for Larry Doolan, and his Irish Jaunting Car.

EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Christian Brothers.

Children received from seven years of age and upwards.

TO raise up youth in the fear and love of God, and in that respect and submission which they owe to their parents; to train them to the knowledge and practice of our holy religion; to form them to the social duties of life, and prepare them for honorable pursuits in their future career, is the object of this Institution. A vigilant and fatherly care, united with a firm though mild discipline; a plan of school exercises adapted to the age and ability of the pupils, whereby instruction is conveyed in a pleasant and agreeable manner; a judicious distribution of time between study and recreation; a good, wholesome and sufficient diet; proper in and out-door exercises; all these and other important advantages are to be met with in the Academy. Tending as they do to the moral, intellectual, and physical development of the future man, they have not failed through the past to endear the Institution to its inmates, who find therein the salutary influences of school discipline, blended with the sweets of home. The location is a healthy one, and of easy access from the city of New York.

The building, originally large and commodious, has been made still more so by late improvements of various kinds.

Board and Washing, Tuition, use of School Books, Stationery and Library, $180 per annum.

Payments made semi-annually in advance.

The Academic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September and terminating on the 1st of August.

The following branches are taught according to the learner's age and capacity, viz: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Natural History, the French language, Vocal Music, and Drawing.

EXTRA BRANCHES.

The Spanish and German languages are taught, and lessons given on the Piano, Violin, Flute, &c., to those whose parents or guardians desire it. For each of these respectively there is an extra charge. (No extra charge for French or Drawing.)

For further particulars apply personally or by letter to THE BROTHER SUPERIOR,
sep4 tf At the Academy.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART,

ALBANY, NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is beautifully situated, about two miles from Albany, on the Troy road, overlooking the Hudson, and commanding a view of the cities and of the whole surrounding scenery of Albany and Troy. The shady walks and woodlands by which it is diversified; the eminence on which the house stands, embosomed in trees; the high hills in the distance, covered with beautifully variegated foliage, make this a most delightful and healthy site for a Young Ladies' Academy. In case of sickness the Ladies administer, with the fondness of a mother, to the wants of the children committed to their charge. Unceasing care and vigilance render the superintendence and government complete. The system of education embraces every useful and ornamental branch suitable for Young Ladies.

Terms:

Board and Tuition per annum, $130, payable half-yearly in advance. From this rule there will be no deviation.

Day Scholars, per quarter	$10 00
Day Scholars dining at the Academy, per quarter	15 00
Use of Piano, per quarter	3 00
Stationery, per annum	8 00
Washing	20 00
Physician's Fees	3 00

Postage charged to parents. Each pupil will pay on entrance for use of Bed, &c., five dollars.

Music, Drawing, Painting, and the Languages, excepting French, form extra charges. As French enters into the usual course of instruction, peculiar attention is given to form the pupils to a correct and elegant style of writing in it, as well as in their own language. Peculiar attention will also be paid to plain and ornamental needlework. No deduction will be made for a pupil withdrawn before the expiration of a term except for cogent reasons.

The Scholastic year will begin on the first Monday of September, and end in the month of July. Pupils are admitted at any time during the year. There will be an extra charge of fifteen dollars for pupils who remain during the vacation.

The pupils are permitted to receive visits only from their parents, or from such as are formally authorized by them.

For further particulars apply to
ag28 tf THE LADY SUPERIOR.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is	$150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin	135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra	15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum	20
Music, per annum	40
Use of Piano, per annum	8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

BY P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 6 o'clock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has the warm approval and recommendation of the Rev. Pastor. ag29 tf

EDUCATION.

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,

Nos. 44 and 46 Second Street,

NEW YORK.

THE Brothers of the Christian Schools had for a long time past cause to regret their being necessitated, from want of accommodations, to refuse numerous applications from respectable parents desirous of procuring for their children a thorough education. To meet these demands, the Brothers have purchased and fitted out at great expense the elegant house (No. 46) adjoining their own residence. This house will be entirely devoted to the purpose for which it has been purchased. There will be six distinct Classes, having each one Teacher or more, thus forming a regular and very desirable gradation necessarily conducive to the rapid progress of the pupils. The number of pupils in each class will be limited.

The Scholastic year will consist of eleven calendar months, or four quarters of twelve weeks each.

The Classes will open on the first Monday of September.

Payments will be quarterly, and invariably in advance.

The course of education will consist of Reading, Writing, English Grammar, French Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geometry, (Theoretical and Practical,) Trigonometry, Algebra, History, Rhetoric, Philosophy, (the theory and practice, there being a complete philosophical apparatus for the purpose,) the use of the Globes, Music, instrumental and vocal French, Latin, Greek, &c., &c.

Terms:

1st, or Lowest Class	$5 00 per quarter.
2d Class	6 00 "
3d "	7 00 "
4th "	8 00 "
5th, or High Class	9 00 "
6th, or Superior Class	10 00 "
Music, (excepting Piano)	2 50 "
" Piano, with privilege of learning on any other instrument	5 00 "

There will be no extra charge for French, Greek, Latin, &c.

Class Books of the very highest order will be furnished, without charge, excepting Classical Books, which must be provided by the pupils themselves.

ag28 tf

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

TROY, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Entrance to the Academy 237 Fourth Street.

THIS Institution, the object of which is the Christian education of children, will re-open on the first Monday of September. Its fine situation, and the extent and arrangement of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of salubrity, all that can be desired, while the house destined for the pupils is fitted up in a style of comfort, and even elegance, not surpassed by any establishment of the kind. The greatest attention is paid to the moral and physical well-being of the children, and a paternal vigilance is at all times extended over them.

Two sessions, of twenty-three weeks each, constitute the Academic year. No one is received for a shorter period than a session, nor will any deduction be made in case of withdrawal before the expiration of the session.

The course of instruction comprises the elementary, and all the higher branches of English education, French, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to English Composition, Book-keeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surveying, &c.

Terms:

	Per annum.
Board and Tuition	$100
Washing and Mending	20
Books and Stationery	12
Music, Vocal and Instrumental	12
" (with Piano) "	24

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

☞ With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

N. B.—Each Boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The Linen should be marked with the name in full. ag28 tf

ST. MARY'S SELECT SCHOOL,

CORNER CHICAGO AVENUE AND CASS STREET,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

THE Course of Instruction will embrace the various elementary as well as the higher branches of a finished education. French and German taught by natives. Special attention paid to the morals, health, and deportment of the pupils. Music, Drawing, Useful and Ornamental Needlework, and Fancy Work of every description form part of the regular course.

oct9 tf

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

BELLEVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

CONDUCTED BY

JOSEPH AND CATHERINE CLARK.

THE fine situation of this Institution, and the extent of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of health, all that can be desired, while the houses intended for the pupils are fitted up in a style of comfort which will give satisfaction. Boys and girls will be received from 7 to 14 years of age; they are always under the watchful care of their teachers, and form but one family with them; they shall receive a thorough religious and mercantile education. Particular attention will be paid to them that they attend to their religious duties. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance. Rules and Regulations made known at the School. This School has the approval of the Rev. Pastor. The stage from Newark passes the door twice a day. ap10 6m

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.
ag29 tf JOHN MCKINNEY, *Principal.*

U. S. PASSPORTS,

Procured with the utmost promptness,

By FRANCIS J. McDONOUGH,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

City Library Rooms, No. 12 City Hall. oct9 tf

SHIPPING.

WILLIAMS & GUION'S "OLD BLACK STAR LINE"

OF

NEW YORK & LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

40 Fulton st., N. Y., and 115 Waterloo road, Liverpool.

1858.

PASSAGE to and from the Old Country, by this Old Established Line, at the lowest possible rates, sailing from Liverpool for New York every five days, on the 1st, 6th, 11th, 16th, 21st and 26th of each month, now comprised of the following first class ships:

Ships.	*Tons.*	*Ships.*	*Tons.*
Australia,	2,000	Guy Mannering,	2,000
Atmosphere,	2,000	J. A. Westervelt,	2,000
Bridgewater	2,000	John Bright,	2,000
Belle Wood,	2,000	Marmion,	1,600
Chancellor,	2,200	North American,	1,800
Cornelia Lawrence,	2,000	Resolute (New),	2,000
City of Mobile,	2,000	Robert Kelly,	1,500
Cultivator,	2,000	Saratoga,	1,600
Cynosure,	2,000	Thornton,	2,000
D. W. Clinton,	2,000	Universe,	2,000
Vanguard,	1,800	tons.	

The Ships of this Line are unsurpassed by any in the service; they have been built expressly for the trade, are noted for their quick passages, their accommodations are all that could be desired, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any other Line. Such passengers as decline coming out, the full amount paid for them will be promptly refunded.

Provisions of the best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Beef, Pork, Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c., are issued daily in a *cooked state.*

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age, unless accompanied by an adult who must be paid for on same certificate; or persons over 60 years of age, or with an impediment of any kind, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

An experienced Surgeon is attached to each ship.

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Payable at sight on the ROYAL BANK OF IRELAND; ULSTER BANKING CO.; NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, and their Branches. GLYNN, MILLS & Co., Bankers, London; and GUION & Co., Liverpool.

For further particulars apply to
WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton street, New York; or,
GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo road, Liverpool.

Agents.—JNO. WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN LYONS, Cohoes, N. Y.
jan2 E. P. SLOCUM, Norwich, Conn.

TAPSCOTT'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL AND LONDON PACKETS.

THE Subscribers continue to book passengers to and from Liverpool, by their unequalled line of Packets comprising in part:

Ships.	*Tons.*	*Ships.*	*Tons,*
Emerald Isle,	2,500	Wm. Tapscott,	2,200
Dreadnought,	2,000	Middlesex,	2,000
Benj. Adams	1,800	Albion,	2,000
Constellation,	2,000	West Point,	1,800
John J. Boyd,	1,800	Margaret Tyson,	1,800
Plutarch,	1,800	Endymion,	2,000
Underwriter,	1,800	Phœnix,	1,800
Emerald,	2,000	Progress,	2,000
Pomona,	2,000	Caravan,	2,000
Shamrock,	1,800	Cambria,	1,800

Making a ship every five days; also by

THE X LINE OF LONDON PACKETS.

Remittances.

Drafts, as usual, available in any part of England, Ireland, Scotland or Wales, can also be obtained with further particulars, on application to the Subscribers.

Persons residing in the country and wishing to send for their friends, or remit them money, (without applying to agents,) can do so by sending us the amount, with the address of the person to whom it is to be sent, when a receipt for the same will be returned by mail, and draft or passage order forwarded to their friends in the Old Country as directed, or the whole be returned to them as the sender may request.

Passengers forwarded to the Western States and Canada at the lowest possible rates as usual.

All communications accompanied with postage stamps for reply will have prompt attention.

Address TAPSCOTT & CO.,
jan30 tf 86 South street, New York

SAMUEL THOMPSON & NEPHEW'S

BLACK STAR LINE

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THE Subscriber, continuing the business of the late firm of Samuel Thompson & Nephew, is now prepared to bring out Passengers at very low rates by this favorite Line, composed of the following splendid Ships sailing from Liverpool every week:

Jeremiah Thompson,	Lucy Thompson,
Lady Franklin,	Webster,
Star of the West,	Calhoun,
Excelsior,	Henry Clay,
Sardinia,	Orient,
Conqueror,	Empire State,
America,	City of New York.

These ships are mostly new—having been built expressly for the Line—with superior accommodation for passengers—sailing punctually as advertised, and make remarkably short passages, and bringing out all our passengers promptly; and if they decline coming out, the passage money will be returned, as usual, without deduction.

Drafts at Sight can also be had on any amount on all the branches of the Bank of Ireland, and National Bank of Scotland; or R. C. Glynn & Co., Bankers, London, and on C. Grimshaw & Co., Merchants, Liverpool. Apply to

SAMUEL THOMPSON'S NEPHEW,
Old Established Passage Office, 275 Pearl st., N. Y.
Or to C. GRIMSHAW & CO.,
10 Goree Piazzas, or 50 Waterloo road, Liverpool.

WRIGHT'S PATENT

SECTIONAL SPRING BED BOTTOM,

The Cheapest and Best Article ever used:

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY

WRIGHT'S SPRING BED BOTTOM CO.

Nos. 387, 389 & 391 *First Avenue, N. Y.*

Try it one month, and if you do not like it, return it, and we will refund the price paid. Thousands have been put up on these terms, and not one dollar has been asked for as yet.

Price, for a full-sized Bed Bottom of 48 Springs, $10. All other sizes at the same rate. A liberal discount on large sales. oct23 3m

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROMAN CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM.

THE Committee from the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, having in charge the binding out of orphans, in their desire to increase the opportunities for useful employment for such as the Society may have to bind out hereafter, invite applications from Catholic farmers throughout the State. Orphans are bound out as soon after fourteen years of age as places can be found for them. The requirements are:

1. The condition in life of applicants must be such as to ensure to the orphans a good home, with a sufficiency of good food and clothing, and a fair opportunity of learning farm work

2. The orphan is to have full opportunity (so far as the place may afford) of hearing Mass, attending to religious instructions, and otherwise discharging his or her religious duties.

3. The travelling expenses of the orphans to place of destination are to be paid by the persons to whom they may be bound out.

Satisfactory references will, of course, be required by the Committee, whose regular meetings are on the second and last Wednesday of each month. All communications to be addressed to Committee on Admissions and Binding, R. C. Orphan Asylum, Prince st., corner of Mott, New York.

Applicants wishing to see the orphans who are to be bound out, in order to make a choice from them, are referred to Mother Elizabeth, Sister Servant of the Asylum for Boys, Fifth avenue, between 51st and 52d streets, and Sister Mary Frances, Sister Servant of the Asylum for Girls, Prince street, corner of Mott.

JAMES B. NICHOLSON,
Chairman of Committee.
CHARLES TOAL,
THOMAS REILY,
L. B. BINSSE,
L. J. WHITE,
Members of Committee.
L. B. BINSSE, Secretary. sep11 tf

Comfort in Cold Weather.....$1,000:

SANFORD'S $1,000 CHALLENGE

PATENT PORTABLE HEATER

FOR warming *Private* and *Public Rooms, Churches, Schools,* &c., &c., with pure, warm air in the very best manner, with *great economy of fuel,* requiring but little *space,* and arranged to warm single rooms as an ordinary stove, or the room where standing, and rooms above, or it can be put in a cellar, and used as a furnace. In any of these forms it will do the work of from 3 to 5 stoves with the fuel required by one, *for proof of which send for a Book of Letters.*

SANFORD'S MAMMOTH or GLOBE HEATER is of *cast iron,* strong and durable, and a very powerful and economical heater for *Railroad Depots* and *Shops, Factories, Stores,* and all places that are exposed and require strong *heat;* for drawings and recommendations of which refer to last pages of Book of Letters. Made and for sale by

NATIONAL STOVE WORKS,

where are also made all kinds of Cooking and Heating Stoves for wood or coal, adapted to all parts of the world.

SANFORD, TRUSLOW & CO., Proprietors.
oct2 3m 239 Water street, New York.

GROVER & BAKER'S

CELEBRATED

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

A New Style. Price $50.

495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
18 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.
730 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
137 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE.
58 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

THESE MACHINES sew from two spools, and form a seam of unequalled strength, beauty, and elasticity, which will NOT rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut. They are unquestionably the best in the market for family use.

☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. oct30 tf

Carpets! Carpets!! Carpets!!!

FRESH IMPORTATIONS FOR THE FALL TRADE,

AND GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES, AT

The Celebrated Cheap Carpet Warehouse,

No. 111 *BOWERY.*

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC CARPETING in every grade and quality; also FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, in all widths, and in beautiful designs; CANTON and COCOA MATTING, &c., &c., at prices below all competition.

JOHN W. HEALY,
mar20 tf 111 Bowery, near Grand street, N. Y

JAMES McLAUGHLIN,

PRACTICAL PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER,

627 Sixth Avenue.

J. McL. most respectfully informs his old patrons and the public in general, that he has added to his business Gas Fitting in all its branches. An assortment of Gas Chandeliers, Brackets, Pendants, Mantel Ornaments, and a general assortment of the latest style of Gas Fixtures, always on hand.

PLUMBING, &c.—Water Closets, Hot and Cold Shower Baths, Wash Hand Basins, Boilers, Lift and Force Pumps, with all the various sizes of Lead, Wrought and Cast Iron Pipes, introduced into stores, private dwellings and public institutions, on the most reasonable terms.

All orders for city and country promptly attended to. mar20 1y

WESTERN LAND AGENCY,

MINNESOTA TERRITORY.

CHAS. M. BOYLE,

Dealer in Real Estate and General Land Agent,

Saint Paul, M. T.,

WILL Buy and Sell Land, Locate Land Warrants, Enter Government Lands, Collect, Pay Taxes, and attend to all business appertaining to his profession. Particular attention paid to furnishing information to Catholic Settlers. jan17

AUCTION AND COMMISSION STORE.

MICHAEL KERRIGAN'S AUCTION AND COMMISSION STORE, No. 151 CHATHAM ST. Auction Sales of New and Second Hand Clothing on every day from 10 o'clock, A. M., to 5 o'clock, P. M. OUT-DOOR SALES, of all descriptions, most respectfully solicited; the strictest attention paid, and quick and prompt payments and returns made. may16 tf

BOOK TRADE.

P. O'SHEA,

739 BROADWAY
AND
20 BEEKMAN STREET,
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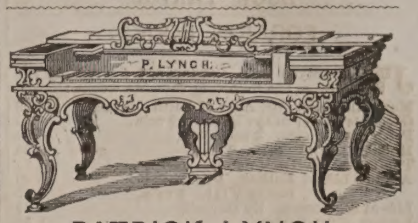

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First Class, $90 | Second Class, $50 | Third Class, $30

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For freight, passage, and further particulars, apply to the undersigned, at their offices, Nos. 61 Hudson street, corner of Jay, and 61 Broadway. Application for freight and passage may also be made at any of the offices of the Company on their express routes.

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO, Consignees.
ALEX. HOLLAND, Manager.
NEW YORK, Sept. 30, 1858. oct2 tf

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CITY OF BALTIMORE.....Thursday, Dec. 2
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Passengers will find this the most speedy and safe route to the Continent.

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Cabin from New York and Philadelphia.....$75
Third-class from New York to any of the above-named places.....30
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In Liverpool to WM. INMAN, Tower Buildings.
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VIA NICARAGUA.

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These steamships offer unsurpassed accommodations for the comfort and safety of passengers. The Isthmus Route is thoroughly repaired and in good order, and the country healthy.

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Are the effects of
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Which will restore gray hair to its original color, and cause it to grow where it has fallen off and become thin.

IT IS NOT A DYE,

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CHILDREN'S FURS of all descriptions ;
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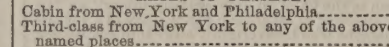

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